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Summer • 1951

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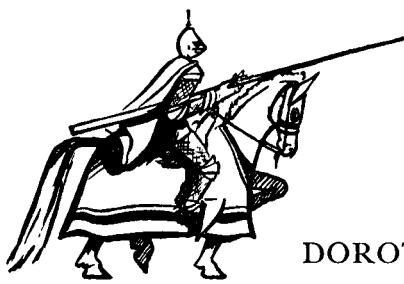

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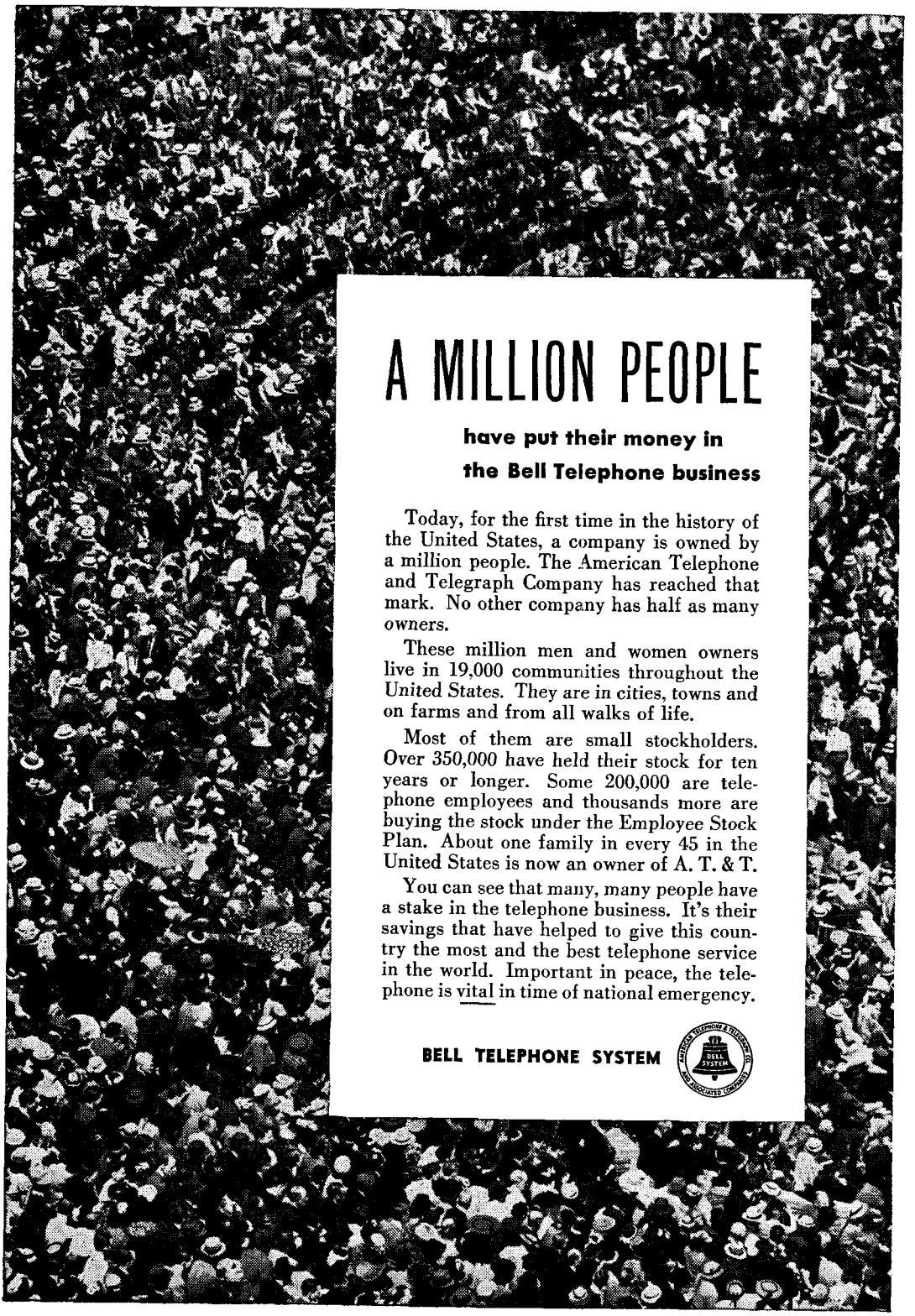

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A Loyalty Oath for Scholars

I SWEAR BY SOCRATES the thinker, by Horace Mann, by Truth, by Mark Hopkins' log, and by all the doctors of philosophy, born and to be born, making them my witnesses, that I will carry out the tenor of this oath. To remember: that I have to my benefit learned from many teachers of different subjects, and was once a student who could retain under one skull the facts of both Physics and Poetry; that I am now a member of a Faculty as well as of a Department, and of the Republic of Learning, larger and more lasting than all Faculties and Departments; that I am bound to honor my fellow scholar as a brother always, and especially when I do not understand the nature of his work; that a student under my care owes his first allegiance to himself and not to my specialty; and must not be burdened with my work as if he followed no other and had contracted no obligation under heaven but that of satisfying my requirements.

It shall be unto me as law that in conversation with students or colleagues, I shall never by word or look imply scorn for any intellectual enterprise foreign to mine, *viz.:* if a man of science, I shall not dismiss the humanities as "vague, inspirational subjects"; and if a humanist, I shall not despise openly nor in my heart the natural sciences as "mechanical." More, in all my waking moments I shall judge every person, known or unknown, for what he individually is or seems, and refrain from classing and judging him by his vocation, and inferring the unknown from the half-perceived.

In whatsoever houses I enter I shall try to leave a better impression of scholarship than that which I find on arriving, by behaving in a manner equally free of dogmatism and of false humility. I shall sustain this impression by endeavoring, as opportunity offers, to emulate the doctor, the lawyer and the engineer in their refusal to give free information, advice, lectures, books and editorial help

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to those who can well afford to pay for this. I shall on the contrary help in all ways without thought of reward those who seek learning and can offer in exchange only the display of their natural gifts. I will use my knowledge to help all according to their means, native or acquired, but will not let sympathy with mere striving, nor fear of disappointing high hopes, nor response to subtle flattery, seduce me into passing false judgment on work done, or into bearing false witness to qualities or defects noted. While sanity remains and I write letters of recommendation, my geese shall not be swans; nor shall fear of statistics make me camouflage an excess of swans as geese. Rather shall the proportion follow the facts, and in my turn I shall remember that a well-recommended and deserving man with recorded and patent drawbacks is a fact of nature easily verified by gazing at a mirror.

Now if I carry out this oath, and break it not, may I forever gain reputation among all men for myself and my art. But if I transgress it and forswear myself, may the opposite and even a deanship befall me.

Hippocrates, Jr.

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Freud, Religion and Science*

DAVID RIESMAN

WHEN FREUD ATTACKED religion as an illusion and defended a scientific *Weltanschauung* in *The Future of an Illusion* (1928), he felt himself to be criticizing a great, vested institution whose future might be dim but whose present was tenacious and powerful. Sensitive to the charge that he was robbing people of their faith, he pointed out that he had no such confidence his arguments would shake the faithful: who should know better than he that people were capable of great "resistance" to unacceptable thoughts? Indeed, Freud feared that he and his followers would be the ones most likely to suffer from counter-blows if they attacked religion. He believed, moreover, that the churches (no matter how small the enclave which, like some Vatican City, was preserved against the inquiries of science) were still seeking to put limits on the inquiries of science—to confine it, for example, to the "material" universe while ruling the "soul" out of bounds. It is my purpose in this article to trace a few of the many ironies which have shifted the relative positions of religion and psychoanalysis in the intervening twenty years, particularly in the United States.

I

On the one side, a group of intellectual theologians and lay devotees of religion have made common cause with Freud—as they in-

✪ Professor of social sciences in the College of the University of Chicago, DAVID RIESMAN is a contributor to critical and academic reviews and is the author of a recently published book, *The Lonely Crowd*. He is now at work on a book on Thorstein Veblen.

*This article draws on a lecture delivered January 9, 1950, to the Channing Club of the University of Chicago, and is to be published in a volume edited by Herbert Vetter, entitled *Attack and Counter-Attack in Religion* (Beacon Press, 1951).

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terpret him. They have claimed him as sharing their belief in man's demonic nature and need for unquestioning faith, and as sharing their scorn for the religious liberals who, it is alleged, are naïve enough to believe that man is naturally good, his life a feast of optimistic reason. They have compared Freud's stress on anxiety with the anxiety of the fear-and-trembling school of neo-orthodox theology, and they have found in Freud at least some metaphorical support for the doctrine of original sin.

A considerable violence, it seems to me, is done to Freud by this procedure. Freud is fundamentally an Enlightenment rationalist. As other nineteenth-century entrepreneurs took upon themselves the white man's burden of subduing foreign customs and procedures which seemed irrational from the standpoint of Ricardian economics, so Freud sought to subject to laws—for which he often used the term "economic"—all the seemingly irrational phenomena of sex, art and religion.

To be sure, Freud was not very sanguine about reason. He thought that to trust it might sometimes be to trust an illusion. But at least it was capable of disproof as an illusion, according to the canons of reason itself; and therefore it was superior to the illusion of religion, which did not offer itself to proof or disproof. If the individual could grow up and free himself of dependency on his father, so perhaps the human race might grow up and free itself of dependence on a father-surrogate, or God. Freud's toughness here is not the toughness of the neo-orthodox. In fact, he would tend to interpret their focus on anxiety as a sign of weakness, for he did not admire those who trembled in contemplation of the problems of living and dying; while he counseled resignation, it was the resignation of the Stoic—quite the opposite of the self-abasement which he felt religion inculcated.

True, there is some similarity between Freud's concept of original sin and that of modern Protestant orthodoxy. The similarity lies in the pessimism about the human enterprise which Freud shares with such a man as Reinhold Niebuhr. But the equally important difference is that Freud used his mocking concept of original sin as a democratizer of men: it pleased him to trace the innate symptoms of sex and aggression in the work of the high and mighty, while Niebuhr uses the concept to create a preferential position for those who recog-

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nize it and who proclaim man's intellectual and moral limitations. Moreover, pride, not humility, attracted Freud.

This strange alliance between some themes in neo-orthodox religion and some themes in Freudian thought has come about in part because of a change since the thirties in the attitude of the intellectual *avant-garde* toward organized religion. Once the shock of Darwin's discoveries wore off, they were occasionally made to testify to the greater glory of God's handiwork; by the same token, Freud's discoveries have been made to testify to the lesser glory of men as against God. Many intellectuals, concerned with "turning to religion," find themselves in sympathy with any outlook which depreciates man.

II

Just how far we have come can, I think, be seen if we look back at Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, a book which appeared in 1934. There she discussed the problem of criticism of contemporary American institutions, and how such criticism might become more enlightened through anthropological and comparative studies. We have accustomed ourselves, she observed, to shedding our ethnocentrism when it comes to religion; nobody gets into trouble because he attacks religion. We have not done that, she goes on, however, with respect to our economic institution—that is, capitalism. It is here that we have remained ethnocentric, and an attack on this sacred institution may be dangerous for the attacker.

Today the situation appears very nearly to be reversed. The massed social pieties which were invested in the established economic order in the pre-Roosevelt era now seem massed behind religion and nation. Provided one opposes communism (wherein both religion and nation are involved), one need not defend capitalism; but one has to be—and, perhaps more important, feels one ought to be—considerably more respectful toward organized religion. The movies, with their extraordinary sensitivity to pressure, provide an excellent example. Today many movies are devoted to sentimental glorification of churchly figures. Conversely, our popular culture enjoys attacks on capitalism—Hortense Powdermaker points out, in her recent book on the movies, that businessmen are almost never presented in a

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favorable light in films. Psychoanalysts today join the general chorus of attack on our "competitive, money-mad culture," but have seldom continued, in the manner of Freud and Reik, to analyze, let alone criticize, religion.

Possibly, a psychoanalytic interpretation of this shift could help us to understand it. We might think of the image of the rebellious son who carries out a partial, not wholly successful, rebellion against his father. Because of his ambivalence and partial failure, the son feels guilty; because of his partial success, the father gives in; and there is a reconciliation on a new level. Similarly, the revolt against the Hoover economic order (or, more accurately, the radical change in economic conditions) carried out since 1934 has been partly successful—too successful to allow the "father" really to hope more than nostalgically for the restoration of "free enterprise." But father and son have come to terms on religion and nation, and the continuing and perhaps even increasing social anxieties and rigidities, displaced from economics, have found a new, "spiritual" fold. This shift today permits religious organizations—which in some ways seem to me to be more powerful than fifteen years ago—to feel themselves aggrieved by any scientific and intellectual tendency which is at all outspokenly irreligious. Such a tendency can then be attacked as an "attack on religion," without violating the code of fair play.* We can recall that when the psychiatrist Brock Chisholm stated in a lecture to the Washington School of Psychiatry that the myth of Santa Claus was

---

*When I expressed this tentative view of the shift in power positions between "science" on the one side and "religion" on the other, in the course of my lecture, many in the audience questioned my interpretation. Some pointed to Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power* as evidence that the older Mencken attitude toward organized religion is still strong. A more important argument, in my opinion, was raised by those who contended that the *lack* of strong scientific attacks on religion today was caused, not by the strength of religion and the weakness of the scientific temper, but by its opposite: religion is no longer an issue which the young, emancipated by science, find worth arguing about. And to be sure, scientists now go their way with less worry than ever before about those theological issues which developed in the great battles between science and organized religion from the sixteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century; the turmoil in which such a man as the biologist Gosse was caught by Darwinism is today hardly conceivable. But one reason for this "peace of Westphalia" is that religionists are at last resigned to leaving natural science alone—it is only philosophers, humanists and psychologists who, dealing with man, face even the possibility of jurisdictional dispute with organized religion.

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a swindle on children, the Canadian cabinet was forced to meet, and he very nearly lost his job as health minister.

III

I may be mistaken—and certainly there are counter-tendencies which indicate the weakening of organized religion. But assuming that I am right, how are we to explain this alteration in the climate of discussion concerning religion? Obviously, in this article I can touch on only a few of the many factors involved. I have already referred to the increasingly sympathetic attitude toward religion taken among *avant-garde* groups. Intellectual anti-clericalism, like anti-clericalism in the labor movement, is out of fashion; and it is not surprising that psychoanalysts—even those "orthodox" in other respects —seem to have fallen in with the general trend, and either stick to their clinical work or claim religion as an ally.

To be sure, the *avant-garde* has little social power and less political influence. Nevertheless, it had power enough during the twenties to put religion on the defensive among those upper-class and upper-middle-class Catholics and other communicants who wanted to feel socially and intellectually accepted and up-to-date. Such people did not want to appear backwoodsy and bigoted. Today, however, it is "backwoodsy" to be anti-religious, and in fact I find among my students that only, on the whole, small-town, especially Southern, boys will go whole hog with Freud's view of religion. The revival of interest in religion (if not in church-going) among intellectuals means that many in the upper social strata who are affiliated with organized religion need no longer flinch in pressing the claims of religion and in attacking its few remaining outspoken foes. They can now accept without embarrassment the anti-scientific position of the devout of lesser social standing.

This alliance of the classes in defense of religion is facilitated by a development much more important in its bearing on our topic than the altered mood of the *avant-garde*—namely, the rise in the social position of American Catholics in the last several decades. My friend and colleague, Everett Hughes, a very thoughtful and sympathetic student of church institutions and especially of Catholicism, has pointed out that one of the greatest sources of anxieties among

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middle-class Catholics is the problem of the relation between their church affiliation and their social mobility. Because they are mobile, these Catholics have looked for the definition of "good American" in the past largely to non-Catholics: to high-status Protestants, to Jewish intellectuals and mass-media opinion leaders, and (to a degree) even to the "leakage," as those are called who seep away from the Church. But as Catholics have increasingly moved into the managerial and professional classes, they have been able greatly to influence the definition of "good American," and have taken the lead, since they were among the "earliest arrivals" in the crusade against communism, in defining the "bad un-American" as well. At the same time, non-Catholic opinion leaders, for the reasons given earlier, do not define the middle- and upper-class style of life in such a way as to exclude good Catholics—save, perhaps, for the still differentiating and hence exceedingly anxiety-provoking issue of birth control.

Yet, while the Catholics have risen substantially, they have not yet gained full social security on the American scene—and the same, of course, is true of the Jews, whose "religious" revival deserves a chapter to itself. Consequently, they are not yet able to laugh off such criticisms of religion as, despite religious censorship of the mass media, continue to crop up. It is unlikely that, fifteen years ago, a high Catholic churchman would have dared to attack an Eleanor Roosevelt after the recent fashion of Cardinal Spellman; it is unlikely that, fifteen years hence, a high churchman will find such a polemic fitting and needful.

IV

So far, I have stressed the tendencies to censor science and intellectual discourse that are implicit in the new "united front" of religionists and intellectuals. But in this same development there are liberating aspects. The seriousness with which religion is now taken has made an interest in it respectable among many scientists who would earlier have considered an irreligious attitude an essential mark of emancipation. While, as Lloyd Morris' account* has recently shown, William James was considered by many of his pro-

* In his book on James, in Scribner's *Twentieth Century Library*.

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fessional colleagues to be a kind of nut for concerning himself with religious experience, especially of a mystical and sectarian sort, no such scorn would greet a similar student—for instance, Gordon Allport—today.

Indeed, Freud himself is in part to be thanked for this; by studying religion, he in a sense domesticated it for science (the anthropologists also, of course, did a great deal). His was a Promethean effort to rob religion of its mysteries, and even his (as I think) false analogies between religion and neurosis sprang from his effort to treat religion in a way that science could manage. He made it possible for later psychoanalytically-oriented thinkers to feel at home with symbolism of a non-discursive sort, religious symbolism included.

But it is more than a joint concern for symbolism and ritual that today leads psychoanalysts, theologians and lay devotees of both psychoanalysis and theology to attempt communication with each other. One reason for such communication is, obviously, competition over who takes what troubles to whom; but this is not what I have in mind. Rather, I am interested in the increasing preoccupation with moral problems among analysts and among religious leaders. It may sound strange to speak of increasing concern for moral problems among religionists—we are apt to assume that this has always interested them. But we must not overlook the degree to which religion in the nineteenth century had become, for a great many people, a formal, often hypocritical shell. Church socials as the core of religious observances, moreover—as we can see by looking at Howells' novel, *A Modern Instance*, for example—did not begin their rise only with the twentieth century. Indeed, religion serves today, much more than in the preceding several generations, as a center for discussion of fundamental problems of value.

Meanwhile, by a quite different route, a similar development has overtaken the psychoanalysts. In his therapy, Freud rejected the notion that he was a moral or ethical guide; he thought that such a concept would lead to a concealed dictatorship, and that his job was done when he had helped the patient to find his own ego-ideals, free from compulsive obedience to, or flight from, a parental image. Actually, he could largely coast on the implicit ends of the

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nineteenth century, and assume that his patients were on the whole sensible people whose neuroses originated, not in a genuine moral conflict, but in over-obedience to the sexual restrictions which society preached but neither enforced nor expected people to live up to. Freud could easily find in such people—as in his wonderful analysis of the "private religion" of the German jurist Schreber—that their religion served as a reinforcement of their sexual inhibitions, and hence of inhibitions in all realms, qualified only by the "return of the repressed" within the religious system itself.

It seems to have been Jung who first realized, in the immediate generation of analysts after Freud, that this was neither the whole meaning of religion nor the whole reason why people came to psychoanalysts. His patients seemed to be mainly men of middle age who were "in search of a soul"—who asked the analyst: "What is the purpose of my life? What should I do with it?" Their neuroses seemed to be bound up with moral problems, problems of choice. Increasingly today, this new type of analytic work with people who are neither obviously ill nor seeking professional analytic training—people whose "symptom" is their *malaise*, their whole way of life—forces analysts to become concerned with problems of casuistry, of values, as part of the therapeutic task. Neurosis then appears, not so much as a conflict between "natural" libidinal demands and society's restraints, but as a conflict among moral strivings within the individual himself—though these, of course, reflect the conflicts within society. And, in terms of technique, the analyst's task may no longer lie in coaching sexual frankness—it is not so much their sex lives about which patients feel shame, but, more often, their tendencies to decent, humane or otherwise "soft" or gullible behavior. The analyst may have to help them confront repressed moral issues about which they ought to be, but are not consciously, troubled.

In two books, *Man for Himself* and *Psychoanalysis and Religion*, Erich Fromm has made an effort to grapple with these moral problems as they present themselves in analysis, within an evaluative framework that finds much in common with what he terms "humanistic" religion. He takes religion much more seriously as a source of illumination for psychotherapy than most psychoanalysts (including Jung) have hitherto done. At the same time, he employs the Freudian

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methods to understand the hold over men of both humanistic and "authoritarian" religion, and its value for them. Thus he regards himself, not incorrectly, as working in the tradition of Freud, but (like John Dewey) he regards as truly religious, certain elevated ethical attitudes and cosmologies that Freud, when he adverted to them at all, regarded as too highbrow to be given the name of religion. Freud, that is, criticized as an illusion precisely those religious forms that manifested human submission to a Father-god; Fromm, considering a wider ambit of religious experience, sees in it more of fundamental humanistic import—though it would do his treatment an injustice to see him as one of those analysts who regard religion as useful, not for morals, but for morale. Rather, he represents a number of contemporary analysts who are preoccupied with theological questions, not simply as Freud was—i.e., as "evidence" of human weakness and as sources of historical data—but on their merits and in their own terms. At the same time, theologians, turning the tables, can look to psychoanalytic developments for evidence concerning basic human needs and problems of an ethical and religious sort.

Such reconciliations, however, are not likely to get very far in the fear of criticizing religion which I have suggested is today the prevailing atmosphere. For if the onslaughts of organized religious groups succeed in putting psychoanalysis, along with other inquisitive sciences, on the defensive, psychoanalysis—far from joining in the possible creation of new, syncretistic religious patterns—will either leave religion alone, as too hot to handle, or will form expedient alliances and make expedient obeisances and denials of any claim to ethical and religious relevance. If, in other and more "emancipated" circles, psychoanalysis, in the form of a diluted popular Freudianism, can still put people on the defensive who would like to know how to live decent lives, they will look to analysis only for debunking clichés and for symptom-therapy, not for its moral illumination.

Indeed, if we are to get beyond such sterility and defensiveness on both sides, we must abandon the misleading notion that there is such a thing as pure science or pure religion. All thought—that of religion and psychoanalysis alike—is impure, or, as Freud would say, ambivalent; all thought must be constantly removed from its wrappings of this time or that place. This is true of Freud's views concerning re-

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ligion, as their paradoxical uses traced here would seem to indicate. It is also true, I venture to say, not only of our religious inheritance as a whole, but specifically of our traditional religious way of dealing with the temerities of science.

No doubt, future developments in the relation between psychoanalysis and religion (including Fromm's attempt to break down this distinction and to develop new ones) will depend rather more on such larger issues of social structure as the fate of the Catholic middle class than on the success of the intellectual adventure of a handful of theologians and analysts. But religious and scientific advance must usually occur as relatively powerless movements within a precarious setting. Freud, like other innovators, started as a minority of one.

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Elizabethan Pastoral Landscape

Upon the setting of that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory.—From the dedication of the King James version of the BIBLE.

ROBERT HILLYER

Is this half-light on groves and flowery lawn
The harbinger of darkness or of dawn?
This timeless time in gardens starred with blooms
Freighting the wandering wind with faint perfumes
Glows evanescently where shepherds stroll
With lutes and viols, singing out their soul;
And from the casements half concealed in green,
Elbows on sill, the young girls, listening, lean,
Their soft lips parted at love's budding hour,
Trembling to unfold, yet hesitant to flower,
As innocence, transported with desire,
Dreams of the joys wherein it will expire.

The birds confuse the hour, for every fowl,
From sunrise lark to nightingale and owl,
Phoenix and turtledove and dying swan,
Sings madrigal or prothalamion,
And busily the jocund cuckoo warns
Unhappy husbands of their sprouting horns.
Nor can the season by the flowers be told:
Grapes ripen with the rose and marigold;
And Bacchus, reeling by with drunken band,
Snatching at spring, finds autumn in his hand.
Then all the landscape darkens: Death goes by;
Beauty turns pale; dust closes Helen's eye.

[*Over*]

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Sing lullabye, my lady is but sleeping
While poets take her melody in keeping.
Once more the landscape glows as golden rain
Pours from the shattered galleons of Spain.
Borne on salt winds from desolate seas of ice
Or sunburnt Indies or the Isles of Spice,
Like high sea-falcons homing from their sport,
Tall captains fold their fiery wings at Court,
To claim the smile of their mysterious Queen
Too dazzling to be more than briefly seen,
Whose final exit from this masque will mark
The gradual descending of the dark.

✪ Poet, novelist and Elizabethan scholar, ROBERT HILLYER has just completed a two years' visiting professorship at Kenyon College and is now giving a series of lectures on modern poetry at the University of Delaware.

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Snobs, Slobs and the English Language

DONALD J. LLOYD

THERE IS AT LARGE among us today an unholy number of people who make it their business to correct the speech and writing of others. When Winston Churchill says "It's me" in a radio address, their lips purse and murmur firmly, "It is I," and they sit down and write bitter letters to the New York *Times* about What is Happening to the English Language. Reading "I only had five dollars," they circle *only* and move it to the right of *had*, producing "I had only five dollars" with a sense of virtue that is beyond the measure of man. They are implacable enemies of "different than," of "loan" and "contact" used as verbs, and of dozens of other common expressions. They put triumphant exclamation marks in the margins of library books. They are ready to tangle the thread of any discussion by pouncing on a point of grammar.

If these people were all retired teachers of high-school English, their weight in the community would be negligible; but unfortunately they are not. They are authors, scholars, business men, librarians—indeed, they are to be found wherever educated people read and write English. And they are moved by a genuine concern for the language. They have brought us, it is true, to a state in which almost anybody, no matter what his education or the clarity of his expression, is likely to find himself attacked for some locution which he has used. Yet their intentions are of the best. It is only that their earnest minds are in the grip of two curious misconceptions. One is that there is a "correct" standard English which is uniform and definite

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and has been reduced to rule. The other is that this "correct" standard can only be maintained by the vigilant attention of everybody concerned with language — indeed, by the whole body of educated men and women.

The enemy these self-appointed linguistic sentries see lurking in every expression which stirs the correcter's instinct in them is something they call illiteracy—which is not a simple state of being unlettered, but something more. This illiteracy is a willful and obstinate disregard for the standards of civilized expression. It stirs anger in them when they think they see it, because it seems to them a voluntary ignorance, compounded out of carelessness and sloth. When they think they find it in men who hold responsible positions in the community, they feel it to be a summation of all the decline of the graces of culture, the last reaches of a great wave of vulgarity which is eroding the educated and literate classes. It seems to them to be a surge of crude populism; they hear in each solecism the faint, far-off cries of the rising mob. It is really a sort of ringing in their ears.

In view of the general agreement among the literate that a "correct" standard English exists, and in view of the vituperation directed at anyone suspected of corrupting it, one would expect some kind of agreement about what is correct. There is little to be found; the easy utterance of one educated man is the bane of another. "For all the fussiness about *which* and *that*," remarks Jacques Barzun in the *Nation*, "the combined editorial brass of the country have feebly allowed the word 'disinterested' to be absolutely lost in its original sense. One finds as careful a writer as Aldous Huxley using it to mean uninterested, so that by now a 'disinterested judge' is one that goes to sleep on the bench." And on the subject of what surely is a harmless word, *whom*, Kyle Crichton, associate editor of *Collier's*, is quoted in *Harper's:* "The most loathsome word (to me at least) in the English language is 'whom.' You can always tell a half-educated buffoon by the care he takes in working the word in. When he starts it I know I am faced with a pompous illiterate who is not going to have me long as company."

Probably only a cynic would conclude from the abundance of such comments that those who demand correct English do not know it when they meet it; but some students of language must have been

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led to wonder, for they have made up lists of disputed locutions and polled the literate on them. So far, the only agreement they have reached has to be expressed in statistical terms.

The latest of these surveys, a questionnaire containing nineteen disputed expressions, was reported by Norman Lewis in *Harper's* Magazine for March, 1949. Lewis sent his list to 750 members of certain groups chosen mainly for their professional interest in the English language: lexicographers, high school and college teachers of English, authors, editors, journalists, radio commentators, and "a random sampling of *Harper's* subscribers."

If we count out two groups on the basis of extremely special knowledge and interest—the college professors of English and the lexicographers—we find all the others accepting about half the expressions. The authors and editors (book and magazine) were highest with about 56 per cent, and the editors of women's magazines lowest with about 45. (The expression which was least favored was *less* in the sense of *fewer*—"I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected"—but even that received an affirmative vote of 23 per cent.) The distinguished electors seem individually to have played hop, skip and jump down the column, each finding among the nineteen expressions about ten he could approve of. If any two fell on the same ten, it was merely a coincidence.

A person innocent in the ways of this controversy, but reasonably well-informed about the English language, noticing that the disputants ignore the massive conformity of most writers in most of their language practices, in order to quibble about fringe matters, might assume that they would welcome the cold light of linguistic science. This is a naïve assumption. In response to an attempt of mine to correct some of the misapprehensions I found in Mr. Barzun's article—among them his curious notion that "detached" and not "uninterested" was the original meaning of "disinterested"—he replied by letter that I represented a misplaced and breezy scientism, and that what I said struck him as "the raw material of 'populism' and willful resistance to Mind. . . . All dictionaries to the contrary notwithstanding, the word disinterested is now prevailingly used in the meaning I deprecated. . . . The fact that an illiterate mistake may become the correct form . . . is no reason for not combating it in its

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beginnings. . . ." This rejection both of the professional student of language and of the dictionary, when they disagree with the opinions of the writer, has the effect of making each man his own uninhibited authority on language and usage—an effect which I do not believe was exactly what Mr. Barzun had in mind.

What he did have in mind he stated clearly in one distinguished paragraph:

> A living culture in one nation (not to speak of one world) must insist on a standard of usage. And usage, as I need not tell you, has important social implications apart from elegance and expressiveness in literature. The work of communication in law, politics and diplomacy, in medicine, technology, and moral speculation depends on the maintenance of a medium of exchange whose values must be kept fixed, as far as possible, like those of any other reliable currency. To prevent debasement and fraud requires vigilance, and it implies the right to blame. It is not snobbery that is involved but literacy on its highest plane, and that literacy has to be protected from ignorance and sloth.

It is a pity that these sentiments, so deserving of approval, should receive it from almost all educated people except those who really know something about how language works. One feels like an uncultivated slob when he dissents—one of the low, inelegant, illiterate, unthinking mob. Yet as a statement about the English language, or about standard English, it is not merely partly true and partly false, but by the consensus of most professional students of language, totally false. It is one of those monstrous errors which gain their original currency by being especially plausible at a suitable time, and maintain themselves long after the circumstances which give rise to them have vanished. Mr. Barzun's remarks are an echo from the eighteenth century; they reek with an odor mustier than the lavender of Grandmother's sachet. They have little relevance to the use of the English language in America in our day.

In actual fact, the standard English used by literate Americans is no pale flower being overgrown by the weeds of vulgar usage: it is a strong, flourishing growth. Nor is it a simple, easily describable entity. Indeed, it can scarcely be called an entity at all, except in the loose sense in which we call the whole vast sum of all the dialects of English spoken and written throughout the world a single language.

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In this sense, standard American English is the sum of the language habits of the millions of educated people in this country. It is rooted in the intellectual life of this great and varied people. Its forms express what its users wish to express; its words mean what its users think they mean; it is correctly written when it is written by those who write it, and correctly spoken by those who speak it. No prim and self-conscious hoarding of the dead fashions of a superior class gives it its power, but its negligent use by minds intent on stubborn and important problems. There is no point in a tiresome carping about usage; the best thing to do is relax and enjoy it.

There are five simple facts about language in general which we must grasp before we can understand a specific language or pass judgment on a particular usage. It is a pity that they are not more widely known in place of the nonsense which now circulates, for they would relieve the native-born speaker of English of his present uncertainty, and give him a proper authority and confidence in his spontaneous employment of his mother tongue. They arise from a common-sense analysis of the nature of language and the conditions of its use.

In the first place, language is basically speech. Speech comes first in the life of the individual and of the race. It begins in infancy and continues throughout our lives; we produce and attend to a spoken wordage much greater than the written. Even the mass of writing which floods in upon us today is only the froth on an ocean of speech. In history, also, speech comes first. English has been written for only about fifteen hundred years; before this, it is of incalculable antiquity. In speech its grammar was developed; from changes in the sounds of speech, changes in its grammar come. The educated are inclined to feel that the most important aspect of language is the written form of it, and that the spoken language must and should take its standards from this. Actually, the great flow of influence is from speech to writing. Writing does influence speech somewhat, but its influence is like the interest a bank pays on the principal entrusted to it. No principal, no interest.

In the second place, language is personal. It is an experience and a pattern of habits of a very intimate kind. In the home, the family, the school and the neighborhood we learn the speechways of our

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community, learning to talk as those close to us talk in the give and take of daily life. We are at one with our nation in our easy command of the pitch, tune and phrase of our own home town. Language is personal, also, in that our grasp of it is no greater than our individual experience with it. The English we know is not that vast agglomeration of verbal signs which fills and yet escapes the largest lexicons and grammars, but what we have personally heard and spoken, read and written. The best-read man knows of his native language only a limited number of forms in a limited number of combinations. Outside of these, the wealth which a copious tongue has as its potential is out of his world, and out of everybody's, for no dictionary is so complete or grammar so compendious as to capture it.

The third fact about language is that it changes. It changes in its sounds, its meanings and its syntax. The transmission of sounds, words and meanings from generation to generation is always in some respects imprecise. Minute differences add up in time to perceptible changes, and changes to noticeable drifts. Difference in changes and in rates of change make local speech sounds, pitches, tones and vocabularies draw subtly and persistently away from one another. And all it takes to produce an identifiable dialect is sufficient segregation over a sufficient length of time.

The fourth great fact about language, then, is that its users are, in one way or another, isolated. Each has with only a few others the sort of familiar relationships which join them in one language community. Yet there are upward of two hundred million native speakers of English in the world. Obviously they cannot all be in close touch with one another. They congeal in nuclei—some stable, some transitory—which by a kind of double-action draw them together and enforce isolation of many more-or-less shifting kinds: the isolation of distance, of education, of economic levels, of occupation, age and sex, of hobbies and political boundaries. Any one of these will be reflected in language habits; any two or three will bring about, in one community, speech differences as great as those caused by oceans and mountain ranges.

The fifth great fact about language is that it is a historical growth of a specific kind. The nature of English is one of the absolutes of our world, like air, water and gravity. Its patterns are not subject to

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judgment; they simply are. Yet they have not always been what they are; like the physical world, they have changed with time, but always in terms of what they have been. *Boy loves girl* means something different from *girl loves boy*. It is futile for us to prefer another way of conveying these meanings: that is the English way, and we must live with it. Yet students of the language see in this simple pattern the result of a cataclysmic change, great and slow like the geologic upheavals that have brought old salt beds to the very tops of mountain ranges, and as simple. Each is what it is because of what it has been before.

Language as a social instrument reflects all the tides which sweep society, reacting in a local or surface way easily and quickly—as a beach changes its contours to suit the waves—but it offers everywhere a stubborn rock core that only time and massive pressures can move. The whim of a girl can change its vocabulary, but no will of man can touch its essential structure; this is work for the long attrition of generations of human use. Ever lagging a little behind human needs, it offers a multitude of terms for the things men no longer care about, but keeps them improvising to say what has not been said before.

Spoken English is, then, by its own nature and the nature of man, a welter of divergences. The divergences of class and place are sharpest in Britain, where the same dialects have been spoken in the same shires and villages for more than a thousand years. Although these can be heard in America by any traveler, no matter how dull his ear, they are relatively slight, for our language is essentially and repeatedly a colonial speech. Each of the American colonies drew settlers from various parts of Britain; each worked out a common speech based mainly on the dialect of its most influential group of immigrants (which differed from colony to colony); each remained in relative isolation from the others for about a hundred years. Then many colonists began to move to the interior: wave after wave of settlers traveled along rather distinct lines of advance until the continent was covered. Everywhere there was a mingling of dialects, with a composite speech arising, based mainly on the speech of the dominant local group. And so we have a Northern speech fanning out from the Northeastern states, a Midland speech fanning out from the

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Mid-Atlantic states, and a Southern speech in the land of cotton-raisers, all crossing and merging as the pioneers moved west. Local differences are greatest along the Atlantic coast.

Wherever our people settled, they worked out local ways of talking about the things of common experience, and found their own verbal symbols of class distinctions. Here and there are areas where foreign-speaking groups clung together and developed special exotically-flavored dialects, but otherwise most speech patterns in America can be traced back to the dialects of Britain. Everywhere there is a common speech used by the multitude which works with its hands, and a slightly different dialect spoken by the professional and leisure classes.

The standard English written by Americans is not, however, the written form of educated speech, which shows great local variation. Its spellings have only a rough equivalence to the sounds we make; its grammatical system, which has nationwide and even worldwide currency, had its origin in the educated speech of the Northeastern states, and before that in the dialect of London, England. The concentration of schools, colleges, publishing houses and print shops in early New England and New York had the same effect in this country as the concentration in England, for centuries, of political power, commercial activity and intellectual life in London: it established a written standard, native only to those who grew up near the Hudson River or east of it. Elsewhere in America this written standard has been a learned class dialect—learned in the schools as the property and distinguishing mark of an educated class. Like many of its spellings, it is itself a relic of the past, an heirloom handed down from the days when the whole nation looked to the schoolmasters of New England for its book-learning.

The present controversy about usage is simply a sign that times have changed. The several vast and populous regions of this country have grown self-sufficient and self-conscious, and have taken the education of their youth into their own hands. Where the young once had to travel to the East for a respectable education, they receive it now in local public systems of rapid growth and great size. From local schools they may go to local universities of fifteen to fifty thousand students, where they can proceed to the highest degrees. Yale

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University is overcrowded with some six thousand students; in the community colleges alone of California more than 150,000 are enrolled. Most of these young people take their diplomas and go to work among their own people. They form a literate class greater in numbers and in proportion to the total population than the world has ever seen before. Speaking the speech of their region, they mingle naturally and easily with its people. When they write, they write the language they know, and they print it, for the most part, in presses close at hand. Everywhere they speak a standard literate English—but with differences: a regional speech derived from the usages of the early settlers.

Standard written English is, after all, an abstraction—a group of forms rather arbitrarily selected from the multitude offered by the language as a whole—an abstraction which serves the peculiar needs of the intellect. It achieves its wide currency because the interests of its users are the common interests of the educated, which transcend frontiers and negate distances—law, literature, science, industry and commerce. It is the tool of intelligence. Any thinking person must use it, because only this form of the language provides the instruments of delicate intellectual discrimination. And it is not static. As the needs of the intellect change, standard English changes. Change is its life, as anyone can see who picks up a book written only a little time ago, or examines almost any old newspaper.

The common speech of the uneducated, on the other hand, is comparatively static. Though it varies greatly from place to place, it is everywhere conservative; far from corrupting the standard language, it follows slowly after, preserving old forms long ago given up by literate speakers. "Them things" was once standard, and so were "he don't," "giv," and "clumb" and "riz." Its patterns are archaic, its forms homely and local. Only its vocabulary is rich and daring in metaphor (but the best of this is quickly swiped by writers of standard English). Seldom written because its speakers seldom write, it is yet capable of great literary beauties, uncomplicated force, compact suggestion, and moving sentiment. But it will not bear the burden of heavy thinking, and anyhow, heavy thinkers have a better tool to use. It is about as much danger to the standard language as an old house cat.

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I have often wondered at the fear of common English and its speakers which the cultural aristocracy display, at their curious definition of illiteracy, and at the intemperance of their terms, which verges on the pathological. A Freudian should have a picnic with them. They use such epithets as *illiteracies*, *crudities*, *barbarisms*, *ignorance*, *carelessness* and *sloth*. But who is not negligent in language, as in the mechanics of driving a car? They mutter darkly about "inchoate mob feelings." They confess themselves snobs by denying that their attitudes are snobbish. The stridency of their self-assurance puzzles the mind.

We might better adjust our minds to the divergences of usage in standard written English, for time, space and the normal drift of culture have put them there. We need not raise our eyebrows at a different twist of phrase, but enjoy it as an echo of a way of life somewhat different from our own, but just as good. We could do more than enjoy these things; we could recognize that the fixed forms of the language which do not come to our attention were developed in the past. We have come too late for the show. It is the changing forms that evidence the life in our language and in our society; we could learn much about our people and their ways by simply and objectively observing them.

If there is one thing which is of the essence of language, it is its drive to adapt. In an expanding culture like ours, which is invading whole new realms of thought and experience, the inherited language is not wholly suited to what we have to say. We need more exact and expressive modes of utterance than we have; we are working toward finer tolerances. The fabric of our language is flexible, and it can meet our needs. Indeed, we cannot stop it from doing so. Therefore it would be well and wholesome for us to see, in the locutions of the educated which bring us up sharply as we read, not evidences of a rising tide of illiteracy (which they are not), but marks of a grand shift in modes of expression, a self-reliant regionalism, and a persistent groping toward finer distinctions and a more precise utterance.

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The Retort Circumstantial

JACQUES BARZUN

MR. LLOYD'S ARTICLE is the culmination of a lively correspondence between him and me, in the course of which I feel sure that I repeatedly cut the ground from under his feet. Since from the outset he hadn't a leg to stand on, my efforts were bound to be useless, but we were both having such a good time that neither of us noticed his plight. At my suggestion he has consented to display his miraculous position in public, and I must therefore return to the charge. The public will judge.

It seems clear in the first place that by preaching the attitude of the mere recorder, the *registrar* of linguistic fact, Mr. Lloyd disqualifies himself for remonstrating with me or anybody else. I, as a writer, am his source, his document, his *raison d'être*, and he can no more logically quarrel with me than he can with a piece of papyrus. Nevertheless, I am willing to concede his human (and very modern) right to inveigh against my moralism in the tones of an outraged moralist.

What then does his objection come to? That in seeking to criticize certain tendencies in current literary English, I am usurping an authority I do not possess, and interfering with the natural evolution of the language. This is the prime fallacy in his case, which rests on a chain of reasoning somewhat as follows: English has greatly changed through the ages; many of these changes were resisted by purists; but the evolution was irresistible, and the result is something we now consider correct and natural. Hence Mr. Barzun's attitude is *contra naturam;* he is an old fogey, a snob, and an ignoramus who

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thinks he can set his face against the future only because he is blind to the past.

The truth is, of course, that one does not obtain "nature" by merely removing opposition, wise or unwise. Nor can we know what is inevitable until we have tried good and hard to stop it. The whole analogy with nature is false because language is an artificial product of social life, all of whose manifestations, even when regular, bear only a remote likeness to the course of nature. Being a social product, language is everybody's football, and that is precisely what gives me, as well as Mr. Lloyd, the right to push it this way or that by argument.

And here it is important to remember that resistance to change is by no means futile. The history of the language is not what the gallant liberals make out—a struggle between the dauntless Genius of English and a few misguided conservatives. It is a free-for-all. At this point it is usual for the advocates of the "Hands Off" policy to trot out the word "mob," which Swift attacked with several other curtailed forms, and pretend that it was ridiculous of the Dean to boggle at it, "in the light of what came after." Well, what came after is that we deodorized "mob," and abandoned altogether the other vulgarities he was deprecating: we no longer use *rep*, *pozz*, *phiz*, *hipps*, or *plenipo*. The future, in short, belonged as much to Dean Swift as to his opponents—and rather more if we count the hits and misses.

So much for the pseudo-naturalism of the linguistic registrars. Their vow not to judge among words and usages is a fine thing as long as it expresses a becoming sense of incapacity, but it must not turn into a union rule enforceable on those who have taken precisely opposite vows—namely, to exploit, preserve, and possibly enrich the language. This is the duty of the writer, it calls for judgment, and it brings us to that blessed word "disinterested," which seems to have acted on Mr. Lloyd like a whiff of mustard to the nose.

My simple and meritorious deed as regards "disinterested" was to draw attention to its widespread misuse as a duplicate of *un*interested. Examples abound, and the fight against the plague may already be lost without the confusion being anything like over. Every piece of printed matter exhibits it, and nearly every conversation. Just the

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other day I heard this sentence, spoken to identify a stranger: "He is an impresario, but when it comes to art, he's completely disinterested." Did the speaker mean, X has no interest in art? Or: he is so much interested in it that money is no object? According to current usage this is impossible to determine without questioning the speaker. Not even his presumed degree of education will settle the matter, for the wrong use has affected all ranks.

At the phrase "wrong use," Mr. Lloyd twitched his non-existent leg, and with his hands made the motions of a man taking to earth in a dictionary. A few American, and especially collegiate, dictionaries do give the meaning "uninterested" as a second choice—which is a sufficient reason for me to view with a lack-luster eye Mr. Lloyd's naïve faith in lexicographers. The one work that seems relevant to the argument is the *O.E.D.*, which gives us the history of the word. It tells us that the meaning *un*interested is obsolete and it lists five separate earlier forms, going back to the French of Montaigne, all connected with the idea of "removing the self interest of a person in a thing." As an English adjective, examples are given from 1659 to Dr. Livingstone in 1865, with the meaning: "not influenced by interest, impartial, unbiased, unprejudiced." My original remark was to the effect that nowadays the "disinterested judge" is probably taken to mean one who sleeps on the bench. My final remark is: As a writer concerned with the precision and flexibility of the language I use, I cannot regard the return to an obsolete and ambiguous form as useful or in any other way justified.

I now carry the war into the enemy's camp. If instead of complacently taking notes on the growing confusion, and protecting under pretext of "science" the vagaries of modern usage, Mr. Lloyd and his compeers would reflect upon their data, they might be able to safeguard the complex instrument of our speech by telling us when and why these deplorable losses occur, and how they might be repaired—loss of clarity and exactness at large, absolute loss of meaning in a word such as "disinterested" and in another such as "connive." Everyone has seen this last used as a synonym for "conspire" and "contrive"; I have heard it in the intransitive sense of "manage" about some trivial business: "How did you connive?" Hitherto, when you escaped from the concentration camp because

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the guard deliberately looked the other way, it was he who *connived* at your escape, no one else. Can it be that the action is obsolete and we no longer need the word?

These instances are not isolated, and I shall accept statistical refutation only from someone who can show that he reads each year more written matter than I, and hears a greater variety of local uses from a larger body of students.

Meantime, the generality which I hazarded, and which Mr. Lloyd assails as undemocratic and tainted with ethical feeling, is that with the rapid extension of educational opportunities, many persons of otherwise simple hearts are snatching at words half understood in order to bedeck their thoughts. Only the other day I read in a "literary" review about a distinguished American critic who was so full of insight that he could be called a *voyeur*. The writer meant *voyant*, if anything, but he could certainly be sued for slander before an educated court.

Foreign words are always treacherous, but what of the newspaper editorial which states that Mr. So-and-so's election is "highly fortuitous" (meaning "fortunate"), or the college dean who tells parents that his institution gives the students "a fulsome education"? Then there are those who believe that "to a degree" means "to a certain extent," instead of just the opposite. Have not the oil and drug companies been forced to change their labels to "flammable" because many users of their products took "*in*flammable" to mean non-combustible? At that stage, the issue ceases to be comic or inconsequential. With the tremendous output of verbiage by air and print to which we are all subjected, the corruption of meaning is rapid and extensive. We are at the mercy of anyone who thinks the sense of a word is discoverable by inspection, and whose misuse consequently liberates an echoing error in the minds of his peers.

To put it differently, the danger to English today is not from bad grammar, dialect, vulgar forms, or native crudity, but from misused ornaments three syllables long. The enemy is not illiteracy but incomplete literacy—and since this implies pretension it justifies reproof. There is no defense against the depredations of the brash except vigilance and no quarter given. I am certain that in this regard Mr. Lloyd, who writes with so much felicity and force, does exactly

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this in his capacity as a college teacher of English. Why then does he not square his precepts with his practice? I cannot answer for him, but to help his amputated philosophy to its feet, I want by way of conclusion to quote from a writer who, being anonymous and attached to both journalism and business, can hardly be suspected of flaunting pedantry and preciosity. The extract is from *Fortune* for November, 1950:

"Language is not something we can disembody; it is an ethical as well as a mechanical entity, inextricably bound up in ourselves, our positions, and our relations with those about us."

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The Lost Library

WALTER MEHRING

THROUGHOUT MY EXILE I had carried around with me the idea of writing the autobiography of a literature, or to put it more precisely, the story of a library to which I was intimately related. In my youth such a library was as much a part of the household of a progressive European as the crystal chandeliers, the impressionist landscapes on the walls, the Pre-Raphaelite allegorical nudes, the Japanese prints, the pianino and the Persian rugs, the gaslight, the feather mattress on the marital bed, and the champagne in the "special cupboard."

The idea was old, but the decision to write the book came to me on a New England farm whose remoteness made me remember step by step what I had read, forget what I had lost. Its roughhewn integrity recalled me to myself. All my aimless agitation, the after-effects of Europe under the Nazis, vanished into the blue mist above the waves of hills that rose up on either side of the Housatonic. Every evening fiery summer sunsets in the greenish-black ravine of the nearby enchanted forest overlaid more and more the after-image of the bloody sky above the burning city of Orleans when bombs destroyed the last bridge a few moments after we had crossed it. Once I had thought I would never forget the horribly grinning buck-teeth of the police chief of Perpignan who had caught me preparing to escape across the Franco-Spanish frontier and had locked me up in an underground cell. Now the memory arose from my unconscious only as a vague association when I saw the alarming jaws of the snapping turtles in the farm pond. The name

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of the tyrant which had echoed from every radio and every headline and had pursued me from country to country, from dream to dream, all the way across the ocean to the Antilles and the American continent, now occupied my imagination less than the melodious evening call of the whippoorwill who incessantly repeated his own name.

In this rural environment I would also have recovered from the loss of my library, had I not again been led into temptation. But the farmer at whose place I was boarding had intimidated me by his gruffness at our first meeting when he had called for me in his car at the village railroad station; and then, later, in his clapboard colonial house, had completely baffled me by his reproductions of Picasso and Braque, his collection of records extending from Vivaldi to Stravinski, and, above all, by a library containing Hindu and Chinese philosophy, the Greeks, English literature from Chaucer to D. H. Lawrence, and those dangerous, insidious Americans (Poe, Melville, Ambrose Bierce, O'Neill, Thomas Wolfe, Faulkner).

He was a reddish-blond-haired fellow of Scotch descent. To some extent the contradiction between his rough exterior and his private interests could be explained by his marriage to a sensitive girl whom he had met when he lived in New York. He advertised in the newspaper for summer boarders ("writers preferred") and hired men ("race, religion, and previous experience unimportant; Thoreauists, pacifists and lovers of Beethoven welcome"). He himself, in fact, might well have been the protagonist of a Tolstoyan parable: a peasant's son who had gone back to the bosom of nature, whose adolescent thirst had remained unslaked in the city, and who was now doing penance for earlier sins by monogamy, pacifism, vegetarianism and tilling the soil.

To describe the harpoonlike sharpness of his blue eyes and the bluntness of his fatalism would require the narrative style of a Melville, a Stevenson or a Joseph Conrad (although, perhaps ironically, he detested these very writers). He was as self-righteous and obstinate as an Ahab, as intolerant as Ibsen's country pastor in his creed of God's goodness. And as soon as we reached the point at issue during our midnight disputes—for by day he plowed his tobacco fields and I tilled my typewriter—he would interrupt me in the middle of a

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sentence, tramp over to his bookcase and proceed to crush me and everyone else present by reading aloud for hours.

His chief and only thesis was: "God is love!" And he spoke the phrase so ferociously, so challengingly, that the most devout believer would have been provoked into contradicting him.

No argument could touch him. It was no use to demonstrate that the Incarnation of eternity and infinity should not be assigned human attributes, which involved temporal and spatial limitations; or to refer to recent European history for examples of an opposite tendency; or to suggest that it was beyond human strength for men enduring incendiary bombs, gas chambers, and death in freight cars, to summon up the faith, love or hope which our friend demanded of them.

No matter what the provocation, he nevertheless cursed every impulse of hatred, any active resistance to the men of violence. For evildoers, like the carriers of a disease, were a scourge of God, instruments of divine goodness; they made possible salvation through suffering for a metaphysical guilt that was subject to no statute of limitations.

"For a guilt incurred when?" I asked.

He took a book from the shelf and read:

> There is a terrible distance between the newborn infant and the five-year-old child, an abyss between the embryo and the newborn. . . . But from non-existence to the embryo it is no longer an abyss, but the unsearchable.

"Hm. Who wrote that, anyway?"

"Tolstoy!"

"Then you think that when a baby is crippled by, say, poliomyelitis, or strangled by a warrior of the master race who is drunk with victory, it is probably being punished for an embryonic or otherwise unsearchable crime?" At this point his three-year-old child spilled a cup of boiling hot coffee over my trousers. "I thought that in your hierarchy all children are angels of God."

He instantly opened another book and read:

> There cannot be complete extinction of evil, not even in heaven, for nothing that has ever been an essential component of the human spirit can ever again be extinguished. Spirits—yes, even the angels, no doubt—therefore took their

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abused organs of generation, in which evil remained latent, even into heaven. From time to time they are permitted to experience their sins in the flesh once more, but not without profit to themselves; for by such changes in the condition of their blessedness they are constantly admonished to make progress. And so the renewal of man, which began on earth, continues through all eternity.

"Thanks all the same," I said, "but I don't have that much time in my life."

"The educational implications seem to me all wrong, too," his wife said, pensively caressing her naughty youngster. "Who wrote that?"

"Swedenborg!" he replied, throwing down the name like a glove.

Even without books he and I continually misunderstaad each other, although we were not so far apart on basic principles. Our fundamental misunderstandings stemmed from varying usages of expressions like horror, terror and misery.

My host had been divinely punished in life by rejection, near-starvation and humiliation, just as much as I, the European, had been; but he had never suffered the absolute punishment "infallible" dictatorships can inflict. Instead, pursued by ill luck, he had become involved in the stupid struggle for existence in a time of economic depression whose effects were as incalculable as this New England climate, where intense heat could suddenly give way to a furious, icy hailstorm.

Like the American pioneers, he was in a constant state of alarm over the Redskin tricks of the weather and the changeableness of his fellow-countrymen. From childhood on he had learned to evade the storms of temper of his Calvinist father, and in the slums to steer clear of the sudden attacks of youthful gangs. Still little more than a boy, he had lost the sweetest illusions of youth to a tavern tart as cosmetically angelic as a Hollywood star and as sophistical as a script writer—under circumstances that would have made the toughest Zolaist blush. In occupational versatility he far outdid me, the European: he had been a dishwasher, undertaker's assistant, a musician in an itinerant jazz band. He had driven over the highways with his wife and child, through the purgatories of Faulknerian filth, through the monotony of Main Streets, "so lost, so naked and

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so lonely—wandering forever"—such vicissitudes as only one of Thomas Wolfe's Americans could endure. He had been an overseer of cotton-pickers in Alabama, had gone bankrupt as the publisher of *avant-garde* books (for conscientious objectors to military service and for sexual-symbolist poets). Now he was a tobacco farmer in New England, laboring under a crushing mortgage.

But "God is love!" was the moral he drew from all his personal experiences.

"Before we moved here," he narrated, in so printable a style that it sounded as if he were reading aloud, "we had rented a bungalow with two acres of land on a farm that belonged to a general's widow from Boston. There was a drought that summer such as had not been experienced for twenty-three years; there was no drinking water within a radius of nineteen miles except for the well near the main house. I wanted to fetch water for my family, but the old woman sat in the rocking chair on her porch, and when I came with the pail she raised the rifle she was holding, took aim and fired twice at me and once at little Bill, my oldest boy. She missed us by a hair. Our whole family almost perished of thirst. She was a wicked woman, but as I learned later on, she profoundly deserved pity. She suffered from terrible frustrations—all her life she had longed for a husband who understood good books, fine paintings and classical music; and she imagined that she was surrounded by enemies and by creditors who demanded payment for the blood her late husband, the general, had spilled. He had confessed his guilt to her on his deathbed. You see, grace comes to the hardest-hearted tyrant sooner or later, and he is warned by fear: Look into yourself and pour out your heart. It is only we who do not hear and see that . . . but you see, 'God is love!' "

"Such profoundly-to-be-pitied characters ought to be lovingly isolated in asylums," I suggested, "before they become so terrified by their fears that they liquidate all grace, and out of frustration kill off all talent."

"Talent!" he barked at me. "What the devil has talent to do with grace?"

"Oh, please, dear, don't get excited," his wife admonished him.

Not waiting for my answer, he pulled a book from his shelves

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and read aloud, without pause for periods or paragraphs, the story of "The Black Monk."

A Russian student of "psychology" plans colossal achievements, epoch-making masterpieces, in order to solve the universal riddles of humanity, and especially of Russian man and of the nineteenth century. But (I was sleepy and only half-listening) he accomplishes nothing. Exhausted by studying, alcohol and nicotine, he returns to the estate he has inherited from his father and marries a childhood sweetheart. Managing her, and his father-in-law's orchard, he might have recovered; but unfortunately the Black Monk appears to him. The Black Monk is the phantom of utopia who traffics only with prominent personages, a Buddha, a Mohammed, a Shakespeare. The Monk drives the man out of his mind and literally talks him to death with lectures on "Eternal Truth" and the inescapable obligation of genius to promote the good of humanity. . . . In short, the tale of an unfortunate madman. But as G. K. Chesterton once put it: "There was something about him that is the making of every Bolshevist; something I have felt in every Russian I ever met. I can only say that when he walked out of the door one felt he might just as well have walked out of the window. He was not a Communist; but he was a Utopian, and his Utopia was far, far madder than any communism."

"Well, what do you say to that?" my host demanded as peremptorily as the Black Monk.

"Very interesting," I said, shaking myself to wake up. "By the way, who wrote that?"

"Chekhov. Well, what do you say?"

"I . . . just a moment, I must think it over . . . I—it seems to me that this unsuccessful student's claim that a talkative Black Monk appeared to him and preached eternal truth is . . . well . . . I think Chekhov left out his proof, as so often happens in stories of illuminati and geniuses. . . . I don't see—"

"Because you're blind," my host interrupted me. "The student saw the Black Monk, didn't he? That means he had a vision."

"A rather confused one."

"That doesn't matter. The vision assured him of the fact that he had genius, even though he couldn't make a concrete demonstration of it."

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"In other words, that he had no talent. All mediocrities legitimize their lack of talent with some such Black Monk; the meanest creatures make a dogma of virtue out of their intellectual poverty. They are the leaders who show the way to the Promised Land by God's grace or their own—Pharaoh, Moses and the Messiah all wrapped up into one, assassins who carry out the covenants of the Old and New Testaments, infallible lawgivers swearing by everything that's holy to them and by the indubitable truth of their vision of some Black Monk. He has authorized them to love humanity, the race, the nation, without mercy. Oh, yes, they're the Eternal Truth all right. That means, revealed mediocrity personified. And they can prove it in black and white by the signature of the Black Monk on their innocent white souls. And—"

But at this point my host glared at me, finished off his drink, and going into the dark living room switched on the phonograph and put on Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*. . . .

★ ★ ★

I spent a restless night.

My bed rolled, lurched and dipped. A hurricane shook the house, and the portentous howl of it reminded me of that gust of wind which had shattered a plane tree on the Champs Elysées and crushed to death a friend of mine, the young writer Ödön von Horvath—five years after he had successfully escaped into exile. In his hotel room, one floor below my own, stood two glasses of red wine, half filled, for him and for the woman we both loved. Next to the glasses lay the manuscript of a novel he had just begun, entitled: *A Poet Emigrates to America.* And the last lines he had written, the ink of them still fresh, read: "Yesterday the storm was even fiercer. In the night the nets were ripped, and one sloop did not return. Perhaps it will reappear a year hence with black sails, a phantom without a soul, skimming over the water."

The morning edition of *Figaro* reported:

> A storm which descended upon Paris last night caused several deaths. In the Champs Elysées it toppled a plane tree. Seven persons underneath the tree were not injured, but one, a Hungarian, was killed. . . .

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The same gust of wind overturned a fishing sloop in the Channel. All men aboard were drowned. Early this morning the boat, unmanned, beached on our coast. . . .

The uncanny part of it was that this item of local news was so complete, in fact was wholly in the same style and, as it were, written in the same breath as the author's inspiration—as though it had sprung from the same impulse, the same imagination. It was almost as if some other writer had completed in a few words the briefest of all novels, finishing the theme of *A Poet Emigrates to America*, so that now nothing was lacking but the subtitle: *or, The Irony of Fate.*

It was as though the author who wrote the news item were identical with the author who formed the subject of the item, as though my friend Horvath were describing his own end post mortem, just as the hero did in an earlier work of his, the novel in monologue, *A Child of Our Time*. That novel begins:

I am a soldier.
And I am glad to be a soldier.
Mornings, when the hoarfrost covers the meadows, or evenings when the mist comes out of the woods, when the grain billows and the scythe flashes, whether it is raining or snowing or the sun beams gaily, whether it is day or night, again and again I feel the joy of standing in line with my fellows. Now my life suddenly has meaning again! I had already given up to despair. . . . The world was so hopeless and the future so dead. I had already buried the future. But now I have it again, it has been resurrected from the grave, and I shall never let it go again.

So the soldier begins his soldier's life, the life of a child of our time, a fool of our time—and he ends that life by freezing to death on a bench. And beyond his own death, beyond his end, as crudely earnest as ever, he delivers his report.

The storm howled, and suddenly the door to my bedroom was wrenched open and my host strode in. He planted himself in front of my bed, pinned me with one well-aimed harpoon look, and said mildly:

"I have a short-short story I want to read to you. Its title is 'The Lost Library.' I hope you don't mind—"

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"Oh, let me sleep, please," I wanted to say, but I could not utter a sound. I tried to raise my hand to write a protest in the air, but my arm could not move.

And, holding nothing in his hands, he read:

"I am the Black Monk. I am your dream of Europe which you cannot escape. Yes, I am. Be still! Don't contradict. I know what you want to say—that I am not black and wear no cowl, and that in general I correspond no more to my description than terror corresponds to your description of it.

"I am the archetype, who doesn't look like what he really is, but rather looks to each man the way he really imagines him.

"I am the legend which I myself have told about myself.

"Metaphorically by fire and sword, and officially by censorship and forced labor, I have eliminated all other descriptions of myself. I have done this for so long that all who have really seen me have described me only as I would have them do, and everyone else has copied from them, so that at last out of millions of plagiarisms I have become an original, out of millions of legends a fact. I have in fact become the Eternal Truth.

"Now no one can put me out of his mind any longer.

"For I exist in a book, in the library of the nineteenth century. I am as real as anything that is printed. I am—fifty-fifty. One half research and the other half dogma—in other words, a double half-truth, which signifies a brutal phantom reality. For only the half-truths can be made real, made black on white. . . .

"Blacker than the Black Plague, than the blackest superstition, the blackest despotism, the blackest future.

"I am the Black Man, the children's bogey, *la bête noire* of the Enlightenment. I am the masked hangman of your freedom, the torturer of your libido, the Messiah of your technological miracles—and I shall decapitate your intellect. I am the author of all tragedies and martyrologies, of all the divine, human and diabolic comedies that you will ever write. In them I repeat myself and copy myself until I am bored to death.

"Out of paper thou art and to paper thou shalt return—to birth and death notices, to items of local news and historic slogans, to banknotes, statistics, passports, police files, death sentences, to rags

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and to grass—until after the last correction is made you stand in the books of books, printed in a single line:

"God is love! . . .

"A joke of world history."

He stopped speaking as the Black Monk and suddenly addressed me as my host. "When you came here to board," he said, "you claimed you were a writer and that you were writing a book—a book about books. But maybe you're just a common swindler. Maybe tomorrow when you wake up you'll find you have nothing but a pile of blank white paper. Or possibly you will not wake up again at all; possibly you have never existed at all. Possibly you are a work of fiction trying to get yourself published as non-fiction—poetry pretending to be truth. Possibly you're no different from your whole library."

At this moment I pulled myself up out of sleep with all my might, but he was already at the threshold. With a crash that shook the floor, he slammed the book behind him, so that the earth trembled.

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POEMS

LOUIS SIMPSON

Harlem Heights

You walked the streets between Columbia
And Harlem, of ten years ago. Again
Questioned the jungle:
Will they find
The caves of history, our scribbled walls
And sentries' bones?
Will the inheritors declare
This was a city, and a boy believe it?

The copper plaque is sure that Washington
Over these valley streets or boulder roofs
Watched scarlet files debouching. We believe
Despite rail tracks and the inspired dance
Of laughing paper.

Will believe
A race watched from the mountain of this island,
From the blue fountains of electric light,
This encantada of burned brick and steel
And thumping tortoises,

Will spend the pity
That to love we must feel
Toward us now

When the world's a museum?

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II

Everyone in those days a decade ago
Had a bloody Spaniard rise with him
And follow him down to his ham and eggs
And follow with reproach till suppertime
(The Shakespeare class closed with the purple clouds
Over New Jersey with a thud of velvet)
Everyone had a bumbrother
Riding the rods
Dubuque
Wichita
Frisco
And dreamed of rags and mugging rhetoric.

Who is that all right guy I coulda been.
It is not I. It was a time and place.

I clenched my fists. I seen
An ad one Sunday in the Park.

And if I did, the stars would roll snake eyes

Luck is a lovely lady pickin guys
Off'n the benches. After dark.

At Christmas time the students with no money
And no fraternity
Would meet their conscience in a cafeteria,
Having a furtive eye and rotten teeth

Gave him a dime (a dime was all they had)
And walked the imagined streets of Stalingrad.

III

The time was Saturday you could not sleep

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"Time moves like a train
Through a city silent as midnight.
This is the station now, the last ghosts guess
Scratching the glass. As ghosts
Over the avenue I see them pass
To a redbrick wilderness

"And every night the siren's wail
Sounds the swathed man's funeral

"The train from the last stations of the light
Derails and wrecks upon the curve of night

"Bodies coffined in bunks
Burst into fire
Streaming to sun
On brilliant brinks"

At the thin moon the hammers of the bells
And there were Sundays when you woke to weep

IV

A fortnight in the ditch their huddled shapes
Cursed under blankets.
In the rainrunning dark
The Germans clanked.
And both sides damned the Dutch.
The Limeys took their tea at high noon under
Their radio antenna like a tree.

Thunder.

Crossing the thrice-fought field
The Captain's runner stepped most gingerly

On empty heads, mashed ribs, and shining stocks
Of useful rifles rusting in the dew.

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V

Tell us what street is this. I knew the name,
But all has changed. High in the midnight glare
A waterfall between colossal figures
Spins down, and is returned
To spin again, astonishing our eyes.

Is this the place? The pictures are the same:
The desperado and the dance-girl share
America with their quick eyes and triggers.
There was another time I might have spurned
The satisfaction of those murderous thighs.

For we have lost our memory. The blame
Is not our own: perhaps a closed frontier
(And Florida tonight "railroads three niggers") . . .
In some snow-covered field where angels burned
We heard of hell and hoped for paradise.

Nor have no quarrel with corrupted fame
Or the old hands at the electric chair.
But if you wish to hire graveyard diggers
Or a Laertes recently returned
From Paris, young in years but sudden-wise

We are prepared as ghosts to walk your flame
That leaps from Times Square to the tired skies
Because we know the struggle is not here.

VI

The drab Dutch landscape in neat patches peels
And the gaunt city shading into fear,
But faces stay: they're older than the hills,
With pride and insolence in every stare,
The hunters with their daggers at their chaps,
The traders, gorged and quarreling for scraps.

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You have no quarrel with the men who sell:
Time drags their teeth, it is their bones they trade,
And a long winter that's venereal
Has done more harm than money ever did;
There's no use blaming the new blunderbuss:
The gods have fled, the sound goes over us

Flying as eagles, heralds of giant change
(You wait for life to rise out of itself)
The sky slams shut and almost off its hinge
(Not from the careful chaos of a shelf)
And here it comes, view halloo! up a pile
Out of what's watery and smelling vile.

He is the river rat, sole denizen,
Shivering with his pleasure, sleek and fat,
He is Ulysses, the new citizen
Of the world, adaptable, a democrat
Who finds a way under the strongest wall
To audience in every capital.

The bow is broken, empty is the quiver . . .
Oh for the rat's teeth, to be half as agile!
Night falls. Turn from the red haunch of the river
Like a lost savage that can only smile,
Turn downward in the valley and the years,
But do not weep, the times would freeze your tears.

John the Baptist

The Prophet, scourged by his own hand, progressed
Through wilderness inhabited by brutes
Whose hollow voices would not let him rest,
Feeding on honey-combs and cactus roots.

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The leopard frolicked in her leafy marking;
A multitude of undetermined shapes
Walked parallel. He fled the wild dog's barking,
The buzzard's black umbrella and collapse.

And as he fled from white Jerusalem
'Make straight the crooked way!' would loudly cry,
And fled from people and discovered them
As shadows at the corner of the eye.

Against the gaudy red edge of the world
There came a caravan. The camels kneeled
Under the drivers' blows; the fires curled
And to and fro the white-robed Arabs wheeled.

Their melody the rocks replied again.
In veils and silver serpents at the fire
The women sinuated; the tall men
Danced arm in arm, apart from their desire.

A Negro, shaking like an epilept,
Beat with his bleeding knuckles on a gourd,
Two naked dancers in the circle leapt
Swinging a supple child across a sword.

Then, at a long-drawn bray from throats of bronze
A Roman Legion rapidly debouched.
The drums, the piercing flutes, were stopped at once,
The dancers in a sullen silence crouched.

They carried on the column of their necks
The stone dome of the sky, their naked knees
Rolled out a street of steel. Triumphant specks!
Their echoes had increased the silences.

A fearful discipline of little swords
And buckled mouths . . . The shields had shifted place

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With the quick ruffle of an angry bird,
A slant of lances like one man's grimace.

They ruled the living and revered the dead . . .
These were the last reflectors of the sun
And carried him in purple and in red,
Their braying shadows rampant at the throne.

The Prophet for his supper parched the locust
And of her little burden robbed the bee,
And laid his hairy cloak beneath a cactus
On the bright margin of eternity.

And all his dreams were of a marshy pool
Where the old Vices ran with backward glance:
Ingratitude, and Gluttony an owl
With human face, pot-bellied Ignorance.

An idiot with slack jaw and soiled rump
Was led upon a leash by sister crones,
Blind eye, flat dug, and amputated stump.
And there were mountain nymphs as smooth as stones

That kneel for centuries beside the waters
Under the leaves in the Italian wind,
Vases of clear song, the swan-necked daughters
Turned by divinity without a mind.

A centaur plashed in dappled dignity
Balancing a statue on his withers.
The forest flocked with gay stupidity,
The hoofs of goats and fluttering of feathers.

There, double-rooted, dark and ominous
The Tree of Knowledge screamed her triple text.
A pigmy, with a quiver of long arrows,
A monkey's head, both male and female sexed,

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Fled from the shadow of pursuing Wisdom,
From the stained spear and the destroying shape,
And all the gods were guttural or dumb
To see Man separated from the Ape.

But was this Wisdom, with a woman's face?
She was not Wisdom, for she followed dancing.
Her mouth was smiling, an unholy grace
Flashed from her hands and from her eyes fell glancing.

And lightly lightly went the dancer's foot,
And as she danced she dazzled through a veil,
And softly softly played an Arab flute,
And on his throne a king sat stricken pale.

The Prophet woke. The stars were large with rain,
The moon upon a cloud lay soft and bright,
The pagan fires smouldered on the plain,
The tiger swung his lantern through the night.

And to the valley's winding ways he ran
Crying 'Prepare the straight path for the Lord!'
And came to shallow Jordan, where began
The matter of the platter and the sword.

The Ash and the Oak

When men discovered freedom first
The fighting was on foot,
They were encouraged by their thirst
And promises of loot,
And when it feathered and bows boomed
Their virtue was a root.

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Oh, the ash and the oak and the willow tree
And green grows the grass on the infantry!

At Malplaquet and Waterloo
They were polite and proud,
They primed their guns with billets-doux
And, as they fired, bowed.
At Appomattox too, it seems
Some things were understood.

Oh, the ash and the oak and the willow tree
And green grows the grass on the infantry!

But at Verdun and at Bastogne
There was a great recoil,
The blood was bitter to the bone
The trigger to the soul,
And death was nothing if not dull,
A hero was a fool.

Oh, the ash and the oak and the willow tree
And that's an end of the infantry.

The True Weather for Women

Young women in their April moodiness
Complain of showers, for they cannot go
Swimming, or to the courts to play tennis.
But if they suffer from a gentle blow,
What will the storm, the terror of saints, do?
If April presses their green tenderness
How will they stand the full weight of the snow?

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Now they are killing time, with darts and chess,
And others dancing to the radio,
And some for kisses take a turn to guess
At names, and laugh at tales of love also.
Jenny, in her hot tub, repaints a toe,
Admiring her perfect nakedness
While thunders crack and summer lightnings glow.

There is one date that they will keep, although
They have been often late to come to men,
For death hits all such deer with his long bow
And drags them by the neck into his den,
And there eternally they may complain
And tap and gesture in a frantic show
And look at summer through a window-pane.

Wind up the pulse with poppy, sleep them so!
Their selfishness will always entertain,
And even death will seem small weather woe
When love is all their sun and all their rain.
The clock will never strike, adjusted then
To their sweet drowsings, and they will not know
How punctual death is, or else how slow.

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The South and the "New Freedom": An Interpretation

ARTHUR S. LINK

THE ELECTION of Woodrow Wilson and Democratic majorities in the House and Senate in 1912 confronted the Democrats of the South with their most serious challenge since before the Civil War. They had come to power more because of the disruption of the Republican party than because their party now represented the majority opinion of the country, and the future of the Democratic party for many years to come would depend upon their performance during the next two years. But the question whether they were not too much rent by personal factionalism and too sectionally conscious to govern in the national interest remained yet to be answered.

Southern Democrats in 1913 controlled practically all important congressional committees; they had a large majority in the Democratic caucuses in both houses; they had a president apparently responsive to their wishes, and they had a goodly representation in the cabinet. Judged by all superficial appearances, at least, the South was "in the saddle." These, however, were only the outward signs of control. The fact that Southerners happened to be chairmen of certain committees may or may not be important. The important question is whether they used the power they possessed to achieve political and economic objectives that the South especially desired, and whether they helped to shape the character of Wilsonian reform.

Wilson came to the presidency in 1913 with a clear conception of what the Democratic party should do to right the wrongs that special privilege had allegedly perpetrated through the Republican

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party. He would have the Democrats revise the tariff to eliminate all features of special privilege to domestic industries, bring the national banks into effective cooperation and control, and work out a new code for business in order to restore competition and make impossible the misuse of power by the giant corporations. This was the sum and substance of the "New Freedom." The political and economic millennium was to be achieved by these simple expedients, all of which were based upon the assumption implicit in Wilson's campaign addresses of 1912, namely, that the limits of federal authority under the Constitution would not permit, and wise statesmanship would not desire, the extension of federal authority directly into business operations or the use of that authority to change the social and economic relationships then existing among the various interest groups.

Wilson originally conceived of the New Freedom as the political means of implementing the doctrines of laissez-faire, by removing all kinds of special class legislation. It was, therefore, a program intended to meet the needs primarily of the business community. There was nothing in it for the farmers or laborers directly, although these groups presumably would benefit from lower tariff rates and the restoration of competition in business. But Wilson had no more idea of legislating to advance the interests of these particular groups than he did of granting subsidies to American manufacturers. It can be said, in brief, that the Wilsonian program had the one supreme objective of taking the government out of the business of subsidizing and directly regulating economic activity and of taking the country back to some mythical age when there was a perfect natural identification of economic interests.

The most significant fact about the first Wilson administration is that the New Freedom, as it was originally conceived by its author, survived for only a few months. It required only short contact with reality to convince Wilson that his elaborate doctrines of 1912 were inadequate to deal with such great concentrations of economic power as existed at the time. More important as a factor in moving him away from his laissez-faire position, however, were certain powerful political forces over which Wilson and his administration had no control and which, as it were, seized control of administration policy and pushed it far beyond the bounds that Wilson and his advisers had

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originally thought desirable. In effect, what occurred from 1913 to 1917 was that Wilson adopted many of the assumptions and almost the whole platform of Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism.

This metamorphosis in the Wilsonian program is the key to understanding the first Wilson administration. The Southern contribution toward bringing the administration to an advanced position with regard to the exercise of federal authority was considerable, but the character of this contribution was different from what has been generally assumed. The Southern Democrats in Congress were divided roughly into two factions. First, there was what might be called the administration faction, consisting mainly of committee chairmen like Oscar W. Underwood and Carter Glass, who, by and large, represented a political tradition and constituencies whose interests were more or less divergent from those of the more numerous Southern group. Members of the administration faction were for the most part conservatives, although most of them had no fundamental political principles, were loyal party men, and would follow Wilson's lead. Secondly, there was a larger faction that represented more accurately the political traditions and economic interests of the South—the spokesmen for the agrarian interests of the South, men like Claude Kitchin, Otis Wingo, James K. Vardaman and Robert L. Henry.

The Southern Agrarians of the Wilson period were the direct inheritors and now the prime articulators in the Democratic party of of the philosophy underlying the Agrarian crusade—namely, that it was government's duty to intervene directly in economic affairs in order to benefit submerged or politically impotent economic interests. As it turned out, the existence and power of the Southern Agrarian group had important consequences for the Democratic party, the Wilson administration, and the nation. Whereas the administration faction usually followed the regular party line, the Southern Agrarians were often far to the left of it; and in the end they helped to make Wilson an advanced progressive and helped to commit his administration to a broad program of welfare legislation.

The program of the Southern Agrarians was aimed at benefiting the farmers almost exclusively. Although this had been true also of the Democratic program in 1896, Bryan and progressive Democrats in the North and West had moved beyond the almost pure agrarian-

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ism of 1896. There was a growing concern for the plight of submerged groups from about 1890 to 1913 and a consequent rise of a great movement for social justice. This phase of progressivism had not been totally absent in the South, but the Southern states were still overwhelmingly rural, and most Southerners had no conception of the grave social and economic problems raised by industrialization and urbanization.

Hence Southern progressives were more concerned with strengthening the political and economic postion of the farmers, through regulation of railroads and corporations, a low tariff, the direct primary, and the like, than with tenement reforms, minimum wage legislation, or workmen's compensation legislation. But the important point about the Southern Agrarian program is not that it was limited in scope, but that its advocates were an important element in the Democratic party and that they were now in a position to give voice to their own demands.

The brief period when the philosophy of the New Freedom had any real authority was the few months in 1913 when the Underwood tariff bill was under discussion in Congress. There was little disagreement among Democratic congressmen, progressive or conservative, over the provisions of the bill, except for minor differences on the wool and sugar schedules. There was a much greater difference of opinion between the conservatives and the agrarian radicals, however, on the question of the reorganization of the banking system and the control of the money supply. It was here that the Southern Agrarians, acting with their colleagues from the West, first helped to move their party away from laissez-faire toward a dynamic concept of government.

In line with his New Freedom principles Wilson was inclined to favor the banking and monetary system proposed by the National Monetary Commission, one providing for a reserve association or associations owned and controlled by the bankers themselves. The original Glass bill, which had the tentative endorsement of the administration, provided for such an arrangement. But even before the federal reserve bill emerged from the House Banking Committee, there occurred a momentous struggle within the party councils that was not ended until the Agrarian leaders had won all their im-

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portant demands. Secretary of State Bryan and Louis D. Brandeis persuaded the President that a banking bill which did not provide for exclusive governmental control, on the top level, was not only unwise but also would never be approved by the House caucus. This was true, incidentally, regardless of the position Bryan might have taken in the controversy.

Wilson was won over by the persuasive arguments of Bryan and Brandeis and the threats of the radicals. Thus the Glass bill, as it finally emerged from the House committee, provided for a decentralized reserve system, for government issue of federal-reserve currency, and for an over-all supervision and limited control of the new system by a central reserve board composed exclusively of presidential appointees. It marked, to all practical purposes, the demise of the New Freedom and the beginning of the rise to dominance of the progressives in the Wilson administration.

Bryan and the Western Democrats were now satisfied, but not the Southern Agrarian leaders. In spite of the radical changes that had been effected, the new banking system still would operate exclusively for the benefit of the business community. Here was the rub, as far as the Southern radicals were concerned. After tariff reform had been accomplished, their main objective was the establishment of a system by which farmers could obtain easier and cheaper credit. When the Glass bill was published, and the Southern Agrarians discovered that it included no provision for agricultural credit, they rose in rebellion and declared that they would help the Republicans defeat the measure if the administration did not concede their demands. The fight between the administration forces and the Southern Agrarians was bitter, and for a time threatened to defeat banking reform altogether. Suffice it to say that, in spite of the ridicule of the Eastern press and in spite of the opposition of the administration and of Wilson's spokesmen in the House, the Federal Reserve Bill as finally passed by Congress contained ample provisions for short-term agricultural credit. And this was true because Wilson realized that he must give in to the demands of the Southerners.

The philosophic foundations of the New Freedom were dealt another heavy blow during the formulation of an antitrust policy by administration leaders. It was Wilson's original idea that all that was

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required was to define precisely what constituted an unfair trade practice or illegal restraint of trade, so as to remove all element of doubt from the laws. The enforcement of the antitrust laws would be delegated, as before, to the Justice Department and the courts. Some of the Southern radicals proposed more drastic remedies, such as prescribing by law the percentage of the total production of a field of industry which one corporation would be allowed to control, or a high excess profits tax which would increase in direct proportion to the size of the industry; but they made no determined fight for these proposals. Wilson, therefore, gave the job of drawing up the measure to Representative Clayton of Georgia, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and the bill that came out of his committee was simply a synthesis of current ideas, most of which were already embodied in the laws of many states. In addition, Representative Covington of Kentucky drew up at Wilson's request a bill providing for an interstate trade commission, which was to be an enlarged Bureau of Corporations and without any real authority over business practices.

Thus far Wilson had proceeded in line with his New Freedom concepts. At this point, however, an important turn in administration policy occurred. Brandeis, George L. Rublee, and Representative Stevens of New Hampshire visited the President and persuaded him to change the character of his antitrust program entirely. Under their direction, the Clayton bill was rewritten so as to provide for greater flexibility in defining an unfair trade practice and, more important, the interstate commerce commission was reconstituted as the Federal Trade Commission and given apparently vast authority over the day-to-day operations of the business world. The Covington bill had provided for nothing more than an investigatory body to serve as an adjunct of the Justice Department. In the revised bill, the Commission was established as an independent regulatory agency, empowered to supervise business practices and to issue cease and desist orders when it found that corporations were engaging in unfair practices. This last change marked the complete adoption by the Wilson administration of Roosevelt's program for the regulation of business.

The Southern leaders in Congress had nothing to do with bringing about this profound change in Wilson's antitrust policy. The Southern and Western Agrarian radicals, acting with a small Labor bloc in

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the House, worked hard, however, to have a provision inserted in the Clayton bill exempting farm and labor unions from the operation and application of the antitrust laws. This had been one of the major objectives of the American Federation of Labor since 1906 and had been given Democratic approval in the platforms of 1908 and 1912. Although Wilson was rapidly abandoning his New Freedom assumptions, he was not yet ready to go so far as to approve what was obviously legislation in the interest of particular classes. Since the first days of his administration he had resisted bitterly this move, and a bill specifically exempting farm and labor unions from antitrust prosecutions, which had been passed by the House in the previous session, was blocked by administration pressure. When the Clayton bill was under discussion in the House committee, however, the Agrarian and Labor bloc declared that they would guarantee its defeat unless Wilson gave in to their demands.

Thus faced with another major revolt within his party, Wilson resolved his dilemma by resorting, it must be admitted, to one of the most artful dodges in the history of American politics. The famous labor provisions of the Clayton bill were drawn by Representative E. Y. Webb of North Carolina, who had succeeded Clayton as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and represented Wilson's attitude perfectly. On the face of it, the new provision did indeed seem to give the exemption and immunity from antitrust prosecutions that the farm and labor spokesmen were demanding. Actually, this was not the case at all. Farm and labor organizations were not to be construed by the courts as being, *per se*, combinations in restraint of trade, but they were in no way freed from the threat of prosecution if they violated the antitrust laws.

Wilson had completed his program of domestic reform by the fall of 1914. In his letters and public statements at the time, he made it clear that he thought everything had been done that was necessary to clear away special privilege and put all classes on an equal footing. Under the operation of the beneficent new laws, Wilson was sure that the nation would enjoy a long period of prosperity and economic freedom. As we have seen, he had been forced partially to abandon his earlier position and to make important concessions in order to get his program across. He was reconciled to the concessions he had been

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compelled to make, but he was absolutely determined to draw the line at the point it had reached by the fall of 1914.

In fact, a pronounced reaction against progressive policies had set in among Wilson and his advisers during the spring of 1914, and relations between the President and progressive leaders became exceeding strained at this time. The following year, 1915, was practically barren of progressive accomplishments, except for the La Follette's Seamen's Act, which the administration had opposed and which Wilson almost vetoed. There were, however, several great political forces at work which were so strong that Wilson would be compelled to accommodate his program to satisfy their demands. One was the well-organized Agrarian movement for the establishment of a federal system of long-term rural credits. Another was the movement in behalf of federal social legislation, which was rapidly gaining momentum during this period. Another was the movement for women's suffrage, which was becoming so powerful that it would soon be dangerous for any politician to oppose it. Finally, there was the fact that the Progressive party was obviously disintegrating after 1914 and that the only hope the Democrats had of obtaining a national majority in 1916 was in winning a large minority of the former Bull Moosers to the Democratic side.

Wilson resisted this movement to extend the intervention of the federal government into the fields mentioned here as long as he could do so safely. Then, when it became evident that the Democrats could win the election of 1916 only by adopting the New Nationalism, lock, stock and barrel, Wilson capitulated and supported the very demands he had so long opposed, as strongly as if he had been their originator. We do not have the space to discuss this last and most important phase of Wilsonian reform in any detail, except to consider the extent to which the Southern leaders contributed to the administration's final, complete surrender to the New Nationalism.

The main objective of the Southern Agrarian progressives after 1914 was the adoption of a federal rural credits bill. The first nationwide movement for long-term federal rural credit facilities had been inaugurated by the Southern Commercial Congress in 1913, and during the next year or two there was widespread discussion of the subject all over the country. In the spring of 1914 a joint subcommittee

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drew up the bill which was finally passed in 1916 and which would have passed in 1914 had not Wilson let it be known that he would veto the bill if Congress enacted it. Both Wilson and the Agrarian leaders proclaimed themselves advocates of a rural credits measure. What, therefore, was the root of the difference between them? Wilson would not agree to the establishment of a system involving direct subsidies or financial support by the government, and Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture Houston, and Carter Glass were insistent that the government should do no more than provide for the structure of a rural credits system, with capital and management to be provided by private sources. The Agrarian spokesmen, on the other hand, contended that any system which was not operated and financed by the government was bound to fail. But as this involved the direct intervention by the government in behalf of a special class, Wilson was absolutely adamant against it. The result was an impasse, with both sides holding out stubbornly for their own proposals until 1916, when Wilson accepted the Agrarian proposal for reasons of political expediency.

It was, in fact, in agricultural legislation that the Southern Agrarians had the greatest influence in the shaping of the later Wilsonian program. Their greatest contribution was undoubtedly the forcing of the Rural Credits Act of 1916, but they were also able to obtain the adoption of the Lever Warehouse Act in 1914, the Smith-Lever Act for rural extension work of the same year, the Smith-Hughes Act for vocational education, and the program of federal subsidies for highway improvement in 1916.

Southern influence was practically negligible, however, in the formulation of the remaining great social and economic legislation of 1916—the federal Workmen's Compensation Act, the Child Labor Law, the Adamson Act, and the act establishing the Federal Tariff Commission. But there still remain three other areas of legislation in which the influence of the Southern Agrarians was decisive and which merit notice here.

The first involved the question of what sort of military and naval bills Congress should enact in 1916. On this controversial subject the Southern progressives joined with radicals throughout the country in resisting the administration's designs greatly to increase the navy and

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to establish a large volunteer army. They were not successful in blocking the movement for a large navy, because the pressure here was too great. But they were signally successful in blocking Wilson's plans for military preparedness, indeed, in emasculating them.

The second field of legislation in which Southern progressive influence was decisive was the area of federal fiscal policy. Before the outbreak of the World War, Wilson and McAdoo were able to keep a firm grip on the formulation of tax policies, and their influence was conservative indeed. The tax structure that the Republicans had erected and which was weighted so heavily in favor of the upper classes was left practically undisturbed by the Wilson administration. An income tax provision was included in the Underwood Tariff Law, to make up the anticipated deficit resulting from the lower duties, but the rates were very low and the administration was quick to make it clear that it had no intention of using the income tax to effect a redistribution of wealth.

The outbreak of the war in Europe in the summer of 1914 caused a temporary disarrangement of the finances of the United States and resulted in a sharp decline in imports, which meant that the administration was faced with an alarming decline in revenues. To meet this emergency, McAdoo proposed a series of new excise taxes and a tax on freight shipments, such as had been applied during the Spanish-American War. The Southern and Western Agrarians rebelled at the administration's emergency tax program, claiming that it would throw the whole burden of carrying the country through the crisis on the masses and demanding instead an increase in the income tax. They were successful in eliminating the tax on freight shipments and in getting most of the new taxes put on alcoholic beverages and other luxuries. Even so, they did not like the emergency tax law and vowed that they would continue to fight all such consumption taxes.

With the opening of Congress in December, 1915, the Southern progressives found themselves virtually in control of the House Ways and Means Committee. Long before the new session convened, a majority of the committee declared in writing to the new chairman, Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, their determination to overhaul the tax structure and make it more democratic. The result was that during the winter and spring of 1916 the control of federal tax

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policy was literally taken out of the hands of the administration leaders and assumed by these Southern Agrarians and their Western allies. It was obvious by this time that some kind of preparedness measures would be adopted, and that either the government would have to find new sources of revenue or else resort to borrowing. The Republicans proposed a bond issue; the administration proposed new consumption and excise and increased income taxes. The Ways and Means Committee, however, replied with one of the most startling and significant tax bills in the history of the country. The Southern Agrarians, who had bitterly resisted the preparedness movement, saw now that new defense measures were inevitable; but they were determined that the people of the East, who had been most vociferous in support of preparedness, should pay for it. Kitchin said as much, in fact, before the House caucus when he explained the new tax bill, which greatly increased the income tax, levied the first federal inheritance tax in our history, and placed an excess profits tax on munitions manufacturers.

The last area in which Southern influence was decisive in determining the policies of the Wilson administration was the federal government's policy toward Negroes. Here the Southern contribution was definitely retrogressive and proved that it was impossible for white Southerners of all shades of opinion to get much beyond the rationale of slavery. Suffice it to say that Wilson practically sacrificed the Negroes on the altar of political expediency, by allowing segregation in the government departments, dismissal and downgrading of Negro civil servants in the South, and the like, in order to win Southern support for his program.

Yet in spite of this and other blind spots in the Southern progressive program, it must be concluded that the contributions of the Southern Agrarians were undoubtedly in many ways decisive in moving the Wilson administration away from a static laissez-faire program, to which it was originally dedicated, toward a dynamic, positive program of federal action. Although their program was limited in scope and motivated largely by class interests, the Southern progressives could claim as much credit as could several other major groups for the amazing metamorphosis in Democratic policy that occurred from 1913 to 1916. That is the real significance of their contribution.

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Cosmic Card Game

THOMAS KYD

THE VULGAR ERROR that Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* is a tragedy about Antony and Cleopatra has been perpetuated by so-called learned men. An appallingly self-exposive note "elucidates" the text in the edition by the late Professor Kittredge:

> . . . she, Eros, has
> Pack'd cards with Caesar and false-play'd my glory
> Unto an enemy's triumph. (IV.xiv.18-20)

"Triumph," explains Kittredge with pathetic eagerness, meant not only a victory-celebration but also "a trump card." It is not that the note is *wrong*. In its feeble way, it is, of course, *right*. What so distresses the quickened sensibilities of our time is that only after he had reached the fourth act of a work established by Mr. Eliot as Shakespeare's greatest was the commentator able to perceive, and then but dimly, one isolated detail of a pattern of imagery that articulates the entire drama and gives it form and meaning. He fails wholly to observe that the richly ambivalent word "triumph" was also the name of *the Elizabethan card game from which modern whist and contract bridge have descended.*

There are in *Antony and Cleopatra* five laminated patterns of iterative imagery: the Chaos Pattern, the Bedclothes Pattern, the Insect Pattern, the Alcoholic-Beverage Pattern, and the Card Game Pattern. The last carries the theme and obtrudes upon the consciousness of the properly qualified reader the shifting partnerships, the play and false-play, the, so to speak, *brouillamini à jouer* in a Cosmic Game of Triumph. The first piece in the pattern is inserted in the first speech of the play:

> PHILO: His Captain's *heart*,
> Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
> The buckles on his breast, *reneges* all temper. (I.i.6-8)

✪ THOMAS KYD is a New York author whose books have appeared in English and French as well as in American editions.

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The word "reneges" (occurring here and here only in Shakespeare) establishes Antony as a negligent, not dishonest, gamester, and juxtaposed with "great fights" sets up at once a paradoxical equation of the trivial with the momentous. Much of the effect of the Card Game imagery lies in the ironical excess or over-adequacy of the action of the drama as an objective correlative for the thematic pattern of language.

The word "heart" is the first of two-hundred-and-forty-seven instances (one instance I have eliminated as doubtful) in which the iconographic element in the pattern occurs. Each of the four rulers in the play is made to resemble an honor card in one of the four suits. Cleopatra is the Queen of Clubs (self-described as the trefoil or "full-blown rose . . . with Phoebus' amorous pinces black," I.v. 28). Lepidus is the King of Diamonds (utilizing as pun the Latin, *lapides,* gems, in color red, "Lepidus is high colour'd," II.vii.5). Octavius Caesar is the Knave of Spades ("he's but Fortune's knave," V.ii.3; in color black, "has a cloud in's face," III.ii.52). Antony is the King of Hearts, as will so abundantly appear as to need no present illustration. If my reader will glance at the King of Hearts and Knave of Spades in his modern deck, the design of which was standardized in Tudor times, he will note the marvelous consistency in the drama of allusions to "Antonius's beard" (II.ii.7) and "the scarce-bearded Caesar" (I.i.21). Lesser honor cards are Alexas (Cleopatra's "foul knave," I.ii.75), Eros (Antony's "dear knave," IV.xiv.14), and Thyreus ("This Jack of Caesar's," III.xiii.103). Through her unhappy state-marriage with Antony, Octavia of course figures as the Queen of Hearts. (That Shakespeare has injected into his poem, through this detail, a touch of human sentiment, the critic must concede even though he may not wholly approve.)

In what follows, two points must be kept in mind: first, that in the imagistic play at cards, over which the cruder action of the drama lies as on palimpsest, no higher card than a King is mentioned—the ACE *never;* and second, that although Antony, Cleopatra, Caesar and the rest are playing cards, they are also the cards *played.* The profound significance of the twin paradox, providing no less than the clue to the total meaning of the drama, will be treated in conclusion.

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Although co-rulers of the Roman Empire, the words "competitor" and "partner" are used interchangeably wherever Antony and Caesar are concerned (I.iv.3; II.ii.22; II.vii.76; V.i.42 *inter alia*). In the first rubber, the competitor-partners have won a bid in hearts, owing largely to Caesar's ability to strengthen that suit by offering his sister Octavia to Antony. Caesar is dummy while Antony plays the hand:

> ANTONY: Let me have your *hand.*
> Further this act of grace; and from this hour
> The *heart* of brothers govern in our loves
> And sway our great designs.
> CAESAR: There is my *hand.*
> A *sister* I bequeath you, whom no brother
> Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
> *To join our* kingdoms and our *hearts.* (II.ii.148-54)

Graphically evoked is the picture of the two facing each other across the table, the cards in play before them. Antony leads the Queen of Hearts, and an onlooker later describes the tense moment to Cleopatra:

> MESSENGER: I looked her in the *face*, and saw her *led*
> Between her brother and Mark Antony. (III.iii.12-13)

Backed by Antony's own King, the card is high and should establish the suit ("settle the *heart* of Antony," II.ii.246), but Caesar thinks it should have been reserved, "cherished," whereupon bickering begins between the competitor-partners. The card itself, termed by Caesar "poor castaway," thus plaintively laments:

> Ay me most wretched
> That have my *heart* parted betwixt two friends
> That do afflict each other. (III.vi.76-78)

Now distrusting Antony's card-sense, the prudent Caesar covers his stake by wagering against his own side, as has been his custom:

> Caesar gets money
> Where he loses hearts. (II.i.13-14)

Antony, resenting what seems to him alienated loyalty, charges his

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partner with laying reluctantly in the dummy hand such honor-cards as he may possess:

> when perforce he could not
> But pay me terms of *honour*, cold and sickly
> He *vented* them. (III.iv.6-8)

The post-mortem in Act III, Scene vi, features Antony's querulous claim to a share in Caesar's winnings, and the dissolution of their partnership.

We must pause here to note the rare distinction in Shakespeare's artistry. Although we need not stain our page with the so-called historical approach to literature, or proceed to Shakespeare through the purlieus of the minor dramatists, brief mention may be made of Thomas Heywood. Those who have read *A Woman Killed with Kindness* with the attentiveness evoked by Mr. Eliot's devastating analysis will recall the metaphoric use of card game terms in the banal and sentimental course of Act III. The imagery in *Antony and Cleopatra*, while, of course, never so unspeakably jejune, is sometimes equally perspicuous, its superiority lying less in a guarded transparency than in a consistent sustenation—the true measure, after all, of the distance between Shakespeare and Heywood. Now observe how the master employs gaming imagery to forewarn us that even so seasoned a player as Antony will prove no match for Caesar. Antony says,

> Be it art or hap
> . . . the very dice obey him. (II.iii.33)

"Dice" being the plural of "die," and "die" signifying the climax of sexual experience as every schoolboy knows, at least in the better private institutions, "The very dice [climaxes] obey him" signifies that Caesar has his passions under almost repellently complete control. (Although it seems improbable that the number should be greater or less than seven, the present author has deliberated over whether the "dice" image may not offer an *eighth* type of ambiguity; prudently he shrinks back from making the suggestion until he may take counsel with his correspondents, one of whom is, unfortunately, en route to the Lower Punjab.)

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In Act III the inevitable occurs, and Antony resumes his former partnership with Cleopatra, that avid gamester ("pour out the pack," II.v.54) who since the opening of the drama has been lamenting her forced abstention from play. Antony begins the game in an exhilarated mood:

> My *playfellow*, your *hand*, this kingly seal
> And *plighter of high hearts!* (III.xiii.125-26)

Observe that Antony insists upon frequent bids in hearts, although Cleopatra is permitted to play most of the hands. As the play proceeds, we become increasingly aware of Caesar at this table also, but now in the avowed role of formidable opponent. Antony grows irritated, complaining at the run of cards:

> Of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
> Like boys unto a muss, *kings* would start forth . . .
> Take hence this *Jack* . . . (III.xiii.90-93)

He sneers at Caesar's skill, suggesting that his servant Thyreus is as capable as his master, being "one that ties his points" (III.xiii.156). Dexterously developed is the imagistic foreshadowing of that climactic misplay when Cleopatra will lead her King (Antony) into Caesar's trump. Antony's words are a warning to his partner:

> If I lose my *honour*,
> I lose *myself*. (III.iv.22-23)

But the play is made, as signaled in the wry words of Canidius, "So our leader's *led*/ And we are women's *men* (III.vii.70-71). We get Antony's anguished outcry, "O, whither hast thou *led* me, Egypt?" (III.xi.51), and his incredulous examination of the lost trick, "Where hast thou been, my *heart?*" (III.xiii.173). It was at this stage that Kittredge caught his one fleeting glimpse of Shakespeare's intention, and composed his little note on Antony's accusation that Cleopatra has "pack'd cards" with Caesar and "false-play'd" his glory "unto an enemy's triumph."

Without displaying that literal-mindedness so delectably satirized in *How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?* by Mr. L. C. Knights, one of the distinguished *Scrutiny* wits, we may perhaps ask whether

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Cleopatra actually *did* pack cards with Caesar, and whether Dolabella's description of Antony ("he is pluck'd," III.xii.4) is to be taken at face value. That Cleopatra is a cheat goes without saying, and there is ample indication that there has been cheating in the present rubber. (Before it is over there are six kings in the deck: "Six kings already/Show me the way to yielding," III.x.33). Quite early we have heard of Antony "being barber'd ten times o'er" (II.ii.229), and it is quite possible that taking him to the barber has become habitual with her, but *it does not follow* that her cheating is designed to aid Caesar. Her lead in hearts seems to have been a genuine error, no doubt induced by confusion during her covert manipulation of the cards, and Antony himself finally adopts this view. He proceeds with the game, although with the poorest of hands, consisting, on the action level of the drama, only of servitors and old captains. These must be thought of as spot cards in the suit of hearts ("fiery spots," I.iv.12), and, as Enobarbus warns, capable of taking only "odd tricks." Antony, nevertheless, speaks with bravado:

> Know, my *hearts*,
> I hope well of tomorrow and will *lead* you. (IV.iii.41-42)

A speech by Scarus, no doubt enigmatical to those who read on the plot level alone, becomes richly meaningful in the light of the Card Game Pattern:

> I had a wound here that was like a T,
> But now 'tis made an H. (IV.vii.7-8)

That is to say, the *hearts* ("H"), however low, are at the moment *trumps* ("T"). Antony wins his few "odd tricks" and Scarus eagerly takes them in:

> Let us score their *backs*
> And snatch 'em up. (IV.vii.12-13)

It will be remembered that the surface action of the drama in Act IV, Scenes v,vi,vii and viii, is entirely concerned with Antony's successful but hopelessly futile sortie against Caesar's encompassing army. The way in which the irony of this success-failure is under-

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lined by the mood-music of trumpets is one of the most subtly amazing effects of the *Triumph* Imagery. The stage directions order trumpets to sound in all these scenes, and, in the last, Antony orders, "Trumpeter,/ With brazen din blast you the city's ears" (IV.viii. 35-36). Now bearing in mind that, as even Kittredge perceived, "triumph" signifies "trump," it follows that "trump" signifies "triumph." Therefore "trumpets" (or "trump-ettes") signifies "triumph-ettes"—or *hollow victories.*

After Antony's "self hand" has taken his own life, has "triumph'd [trumped] on itself" (IV.xv.15), he may be considered as permanently retired from play. For a brief interval, Cleopatra contemplates playing alone, but for a person of her temperament there is no stimulus in Solitaire: "patience is sottish" (IV.xv.79). Her faith in a better run of cards is soon restored—"my hands I'll trust," (IV. iv.49)—and the fifth act finds her trying to match skill with Caesar. Eagerly she demands the deal—"Quick, quick, good hands!" (V.ii. 39). The play in Act V, Scene ii, is quick and decisive. The stake, consisting of Cleopatra and her treasure, is won by Caesar through his finesse with Dolabella. "For the Queen, I'll take her," says the latter. A moment later we hear her dazedly ask, "Is't not your trick?" and the reply, "Your loss is, as yourself, great." Then comes Cleopatra's hopeless, "He'll lead me then in triumph?" (V.ii. 66,101, 109), and the replay can be only Yes. She is now the trump card of Caesar, and the imagistic prophecy of Act II, Scene ii, line 189, where she is called "a most triumphant lady" is thus ironically fulfilled.

The manner in which our Queen of Clubs, by self-destruction, robs the winner of his triumph must be prefaced by a word of explanation. Throughout the drama, the lesser characters have themselves been busy at cards—their game not Triumph but one of a humbler sort. In Act I, Scene ii (rich in gaming imagery throughout), Charmian says, "Let me be married to three *kings* . . . and companion me with my mistress." Since her mistress is a Queen, and only Queens can "companion" with Queens, it is obvious that Charmian is praying for a full-house-Kings-high. Now nothing is more striking in *Antony and Cleopatra* than the spectacle of deterioration in its titular characters, and the way the imagery suggests

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progressive vulgarity, as when Antony invites Cleopatra to sit on his lap and play his trump cards ("ride on the pants triumphing," IV.iii.16). As Acts IV and V continue, the royal characters advert periodically to the more squalid game of their retainers, and we are thus prepared for the ruse by which Cleopatra saves herself from being led in trump by Caesar. The fatal asps are brought her by a *Clown*, and this *Clown*, far from being a tasteless intrusion upon the tragic close of the drama, is the crowning piece in the Pattern of Card Game Imagery. Into the game of Triumph is introduced, to Caesar's complete surprise, a type of card normally used only in the humble game of more lowly people—in a word, the Joker.

It is from the humbler game that the valedictory imagery of *Antony and Cleopatra* is drawn. The lovers had been called in the opening scene of the drama "a mutual pair" and, in the concluding speech, we hear,

> No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
> A *pair* so famous. (V.ii.362-63)

The objection that a *pair* consists, not of a King and Queen, but of two Kings or two Queens, has been deftly met by the poet as early as Act I, Scene iv, lines 5-7, with Caesar's statement that Antony

> . . . is not more manlike
> Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
> More womanly than he,

thus effecting that sexual homogeneity necessary to "a mutual pair." To the objection sometimes plaintively made that the reader's mind is unable to retain the relationship between two such widely separated pieces of data in an imagistic pattern, we can only reply, if reply we must, that there is considerable difference in the strength of human *minds*, and that if we must ignore Shakespeare's intention merely because of the incapacity of the "generality," we might as well exclaim at once, with Amy Lowell, "God, what are patterns for!"

And thus we leave them, a *famous pair*, but *clipped* even in their grave—enclosed, that is, in the mendacious atmosphere of a gambling dive or clip-joint. *It is a bitter play!*

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Before putting into words my concluding revelation of the nature of *Antony and Cleopatra,* I must remark that the serious critic who would discharge with awareness his high office, and nurture such areas of sensibility as our era affords, must, sooner or later, as the greatest living critical, poetical and spiritual guide himself unerringly perceived, consider Shakespeare. It is a taxing ministry, because Shakespearean drama has been so "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar"—the indiscriminate and undiscriminating hordes of mere readers and playgoers—that the mere task of de-degradation seems simply overwhelming. The only way in which we can combat the distressing pervasiveness of poetic non-perceptivity is by patient effort. The present admittedly incomplete survey of the imagery of *Antony and Cleopatra* must illustrate to those who have viewed the work as a mere chronicle of love and empire that what Shakespeare has actually done has been to show in conflict the rational Caesar and the passionate Antony, with Cleopatra—a person of by no means unquestionable integrity—as a distinct factor in the latter's downfall. On the cosmic level, the new insights provided by adequate attention to the thematic imagery are even richer and more novel. The fact that the ACE is never played and *never can be played* by worldly actors, the fact that the characters are both players at cards and *cards played* intimates to us that Man's Destiny Is Not Wholly In His OWN HANDS. Once we have grasped the thought, we are amazed that it has not been grasped before, either in connection with this great drama or with an even greater object of contemplation—human life in general. Now that the idea dawns upon us, we realize that it has struggled for expression elsewhere in Shakespeare, notably in the Wood-Working-Imagery in *Hamlet:*

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.

The message, and I use the word unashamedly, brought to us by Shakespeare is, then, in last analysis, the message brought us by Mr. Eliot—the lesson of humility. It is with humility that I proffer it to the world.

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The Poetry Recital

GENE BARO

When I watch the new faces, and the old poet
under the auditorium lights, in the rocking
applause and the smiles, I am reminded of falsehood
and the death of prophecy, how the prophet comes
always to his country, but ever to the wilderness,
to a desert always for his crying, a riverbank
cracked in the noonday dust and the reaching wind.
This is a time of lamentation: the figure,
staged in the studied light, speaks a young word,
a young voice; and the lectern trembles, the hand trembles,
the page is shaken to dust. Experience
and order lie at that skull's dark center,
earth with a core of fire, globe of light
incredible, but the flesh fails against the starched
collar, where the white hairs start. The eyes
lift against their sleepy lids, behind
the perceptive glass, the strict control of the world
vision, and the lips lift and move to the wakened
words, the meeting of will and wisdom in the ghostly
air of enterprise where the audience waits.
How many words are heard at evening in the wild
birds' crying, and how many cries are hurled
out of our darkening history? The past
is known and known in the present faces, but the voices
fade, suffering, the penitent voices, ageless
and echoing, heard and unheard, beginning.

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The race dies with every death, and the renewal
consumes the new, the impossibly old; but the audience
waits, the girl whose eyes are shut under the flame
and rain of the poems, the boy, wide-eyed,
with the touch of death. How many faces cleave
the air? These, too, are voiced with memory:
their desires quicken with the words, the poems
unspoken, or spoken only within, regretting
losses, the incalculable moment, the passing,
the confirmation. How many smiling faces
and applauding hands light the old poet
over the dusty stage? In his throat the poems
are dry as the taste of wisdom, and his back is stooped
with the weight of praise, but the audience rises
straight, where voices break in the ghostly air.
The world is tragedy approved, like applause
for an old poet, difficult, but come to distinguished
cadence, the unsure fleshed in harmony.
Down the long staircase the crowd is pressing, calling;
already some few of them have gained the exit.

✪ GENE BARO is a young writer living in Florida. His work has been accepted by a wide variety of periodicals, such as *Wake*, *Poetry* and the *New Yorker*. Another of his poems appeared in the Spring, 1950, number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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Portrait

Liberty Hyde Bailey

ANDREW DENNY RODGERS III

In 1923 Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey proposed the organization of a Society of the Holy Earth. It was not to be a formal organization with chapters and branches, parliamentary rules, and a constitution. Its officers were to be few and its leaders many. But its control was to be motives of purpose and action, and its associations were to be ". . . fellowships of the spirit." "Its principle of union," he suggested in his little volume, *Universal Service*, "will be the love of the Earth, treasured in the hearts of men and women. To every person who longs to walk on the bare ground, who stops in a busy day for the song of a bird, who hears the wind, who looks upward to the clouds, who would protect the land from waste and devastation, realizing that we are transients and that multitudes must come after us, who would love the materials and yet not be materialistic, who would give of himself, who would escape self-centered, commercial and physical valuations of life, who would exercise a keepership over the planet —to all these souls everywhere the call will come. What may be the opportunity to express oneself in the public interest, I do not know, but at least one may be ready, as the earth is ready, and I would stimulate the desire. Here is the beginning of universal service: the hope of humanity lies in universal service."

This message, with its quality of timelessness, was an outgrowth of a student's love of nature nurtured since boyhood in the frontier Michigan sand-dune country around South Haven. It was not an ineffectual dream, but was uttered years after the firm establishment by its author, while a professor and dean of what is now the New York State College of Agriculture, of a nature study movement whose influence had become nation-wide, and of a system of university extension teaching which was bringing the refinements of scientific agriculture to rural areas—not alone within the state of its origins, but also in many other states where a similar or the same system prevailed. About a decade and a half before, Dr. Bailey had served as chairman, and written the famous report of President Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission. He was recognized as among the nation's foremost editors and writers upon agricultural subjects. He was an outstanding leader in agricultural education. He had taught horticulture and landscape gardening at Michigan Agricultural College; and his chair in practical and experimental horticulture at Cornell University had been the first in this country devoted exclusively and permanently to this subject. His total work in the building of a horticultural science in America, especially his studies in the taxonomic classification of cultivated plants and his field investigations in plant breeding, were to earn for him the unquestioned title of "Dean of

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ANDREW DENNY RODGERS III is the author of a recent series on the lives and work of American plant scientists, at different periods and in various research fields. Five volumes have been published, and others are yet to appear. Dr. Rodgers' book on Dr. Bailey was published in 1949.

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American Horticulturists." He was a botanist as well as horticulturist, a former assistant to Dr. Asa Gray of Harvard University, and, more than being assistant curator of the University Herbarium and in full charge of the students' and garden herbaria, he had been the "assistant in physiological experiments."

In 1925 he enjoyed the unique distinction of serving as president simultaneously of two leading organizations in American science: the Botanical Society of America and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The following year he was president and presiding chairman of the International Congress of Plant Sciences held at Ithaca. Several times he served as president of the American Society for Horticultural Science; and many times the highest offices in other organizations, among them, the American Pomological Society and the American Nature Study Society, were his.

Obviously, Dr. Bailey understood the difference between fellowships in formal scientific organizations and "fellowships of the spirit." Before the former, he had often spoken in one way or another his gospel of the holy earth. His intimate portrait begins with the open country and background spaces of the land and its living forms. Before he knew books, he knew robins and the farthermost hills, minnows and tadpoles and frogs of the meandering brooks, forests and orchards, the building bees and furrowed fields, "the white clouds in their domes of . . . bold deep sky," and the gardens and meadows and plants of his home. There he knew that his footing was "sure." There, throughout his life, he turned

> To look on the world with eyes of one's own
> And to think a clear thought detached and alone
> And to say as one thinks it when the thought
> is full grown
> Or to hold it in treasure unsaid and unknown.

The holy earth is as much a part of Bailey as the "observation of native forms and conditions" was a part of John Muir. It is as much a part of his message as was an insistence upon the exact study of natural forms in field and laboratory a part of the message of Louis Agassiz. From boyhood and all through his work as an experimental scientist, Bailey adhered mainly to the views of Charles Darwin on evolution; and his mind was never closed on fundamentals of evolutionary theory. His doctrine of the survival of the unlike was a thought-provoking addition to the current knowledge of species diversification through variation. Many of America's early plant geneticists, notably H. J. Webber and R. A. Emerson, were much influenced by his book on this subject. If certain of his criticisms with regard to August Weismann's elaboration of the principle of germinal continuity were construed to extend to considerations about which there is controversy even today among scientists (for instance, to a hypothetical denial of the transmissibility of acquired characters in plant heredity), it must be remembered that the concept of the gene had not yet been defined; that Bailey's work was on the plant, and not the animal, side of biological research; and that what views were expressed by him were based on abundant study and, in part, on his own laboratory experiments. He was among the first to evaluate for American scientists the total scientific significance to the art of plant breeding of Gregor Mendel's laws: the "three and one" ratios in the hybridizational transmission of parental characters as well as the latter's implied theory of heredity. He was, moreover, among the first to recognize in Hugo de Vries' theory of mutation not only evolutionary truths of definite importance, but also a doctrine tested by the authenticity of actual experiments. These epoch-making pronouncements, each of which in established form arrived on the American scientific scene at the turn of the century, supplied a substantial basis for Bailey's immediate prognostications of a new outlook for agricultural and horticultural progress. Scientific crop amelioration, on the basis of specific quality and quantity ideals, assured a better and more abundant harvest from the holy earth. A whole science of plant genetics, a branch of investigation eventually to be coordinated

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with an invigorated cytology and plant physiology, was in the making.

The writer began in 1943 his conferences with Dr. Bailey, then eighty-eight years old, and never before had his interviewer (less than half that age) seen an elderly man of that many years, agile and sure of foot, climb to a high shelf in a library, bring down unassisted several weighty books, and from memory turn to the exact pages wanted for reference. Our conferences, lasting over many months, often went on until almost midnight; and, although he had worked all day at his table preparing papers and books, his strength at the end was not noticeably depleted. Each time his enthusiasm to explain more concerning his work in the plant sciences remained unabated. Each morning, at the appointed time, he was again at his table, surrounded with herbarium sheets, books, plant specimens, and floral decorations, lost in the thrilling excitement of his newest manuscript. His own writings, embracing hundreds of titles, cover considerably more than a five-foot shelf. Some of his books have gone through more than two dozen editions; and many are artistic and literary, as well as scientific, achievements.

When the writer first met him, he had not realized that he was about to interview the man who, as dean, had been mainly responsible for building the first sets of buildings of the modern New York State College of Agriculture. He learned more about this by reading the volumes of *Cornell Countryman* (the college's official periodical founded during Dr. Bailey's administration) than from Dr. Bailey himself. The writer knew little of Dean Bailey's work as director of the state agricultural experiment station there. The university made available a set of the station's annual reports, and the venerable scientist lent generously from his own library. The greatest men are always the simplest; and the great who believe in a cause are always ready, it seems, when time permits, to help even the ignorant. It became a thrilling experience to learn from a forthright scholar (and agriculturist, horticulturist, botanist, rural economist, humanitarian, philosopher and sociologist) how the triumphs of scientific agriculture gradually won their way to an academic and social recognition equal to that of the work of the colleges of arts and sciences, the law, and other branches of professional and classical learning. Dr. Bailey fought persistently against exclusiveness in education; and the narrative of how educational facilities were gradually extended to include rural as well as urban populations, the poor as well as the rich, the young as well as the adult, and all without regard to class, color, creed, racial and other distinctions, is thoroughly indicative of his belief in the processes of democracy. Democracy is to him "a mission" in which individual responsibility is the keyword, and cooperation the password. "Verily," he has written, "the basis of democracy is Service" and, in that sense, essential democracy is inseparable from the man and bound up with his philosophy of the holy earth.

The Creation is for all the created; and the earth, with its peace and concord, its turbulence and storm, yields best for those who live by it constructively. There is a struggle for existence among plants and animals and among men. But the "combats are mostly between individuals, and the outcome is adaptation. The struggle of the tiger is for himself, not to preserve the race of tigers. The contests are for food; for mates; for protection of self and young. They are not to conquer territory, or to annihilate a species, or to overrun the earth in an orgy of loot. If one looks for a moral significance in the struggle for existence," Bailey says in his book *What is Democracy*, "one finds it in the fact that it is a process of adjustment rather than a contest in ambition."

Democracy is rooted in individuals and "every person in a full-born democracy must be an investigator on his own account, endeavoring to apprehend and to sort his facts and to draw straight conclusions." Organized efforts, whether expressed by class legislation for farmers, laborers or other special groups, may supply needed correctives economically, but they also harbor potential dangers, in that one part of

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society may become pitted against another. When their ends are sought by force of numbers, compulsion and strategy, compromises result, antagonisms of differing interests multiply, and the principle of enmity overcomes the will to serve. Group tyranny, like individual tyrannical rule, is never democracy because "Democracy is a state of society. It is such a constitution of the social order as allows each member to develop his personality to the full and at the same time to participate in public affairs on his own motion. The Demos is self-controlling. . . . *How to work with enthusiasm for oneself and at the same time to work with enthusiasm with one's fellows* is probably the major problem of life. The extent and completeness to which this can be accomplished is a measure of the successful life in the enlarging state."

Disadvantages may lie in the path of following the natural order of things. But this course, predicated on "an adaptation to region and climate, commercial conditions and human resources," is preferable to group exigencies which become tantamount to dynasties. "On the planet we live. From the earth we come; to the earth we return. Our relations to the earth determine not only our sustenance but our institutions. The land is the seed-bed of society. As we provide to mankind access to the earth, so do we cast the fashion of civilization." Essential democracy, which assures each of us access to our basic security, the land, "must be won by patient preparation. It is a result, not a gift. Democracy is not a form of government, any more than religion is a form of worship." It is "primarily a sentiment—a sentiment of personality." Real democracy is "the perfect expression of religion, and a perfected religion is the destination of man."

What democracy is and what it is not, what hinders and what realizes it, could be read by the sagacious man of hard-headed business with pleasure and profit; and the irresponsible reformer can find little comfort from his views. He is neither reactionary nor radical. He meets each social problem as of its time and in the light of a full investigation of conditions. His solutions derive from principles susceptible to wise and just application.

Every plant scientist knows of Bailey's cyclopedias of horticulture and agriculture, works which probably never can be duplicated because of the high degree of specialization attained since their years of publication. Every lover of gardens, of floriculture, of rural and urban ornamentation, every worker in vegetable and orchard crops, every student of crops of whatever kind on the farm—knows of him as an able expositor of technical principles of practice and management. Many remember him as a teacher who began his lectures the minute he entered his classroom, as a poet who put a song in their hearts as they worked with a hoe or plow, as an eloquent orator who held audiences spellbound when he sought to remove abandoned farms from the landscape, to rehabilitate and conserve lands and their fertility, to expunge poverty from homes and souls, to merge science and practice for a fresh, vigorous, stable agricultural uplift not only by better crops and animals but also throughout all rural life in country and town, school and church, grange meeting or other assembly, in libraries, the rural press, or other agencies.

His present institution is the Bailey Hortorium which in 1935, when formally made a part of Cornell University by a gift from him, was the first recognized scientific institution of scope and its kind in the world "for the identification of all cultivated plants as such, with facilities for investigation, covering both herbaceous and woody subjects, and relating the knowledge to the needs of the cultivator and the investigator." He has always been its director, his daughter Ethel its curator. Work in the garden, nursery, arboretum and other departments of plant science study has been coordinated without concern for display. This he regards as his most important work, his individual expression of personality in humanity's service. Although not so much his individual contribution as the work of the Hortorium, his leadership as chairman (since 1944) of the University committee on policy and management of the Cornell Plantations (the purposes of which include

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systematic research and study of wild, economic and ornamental plants, of trees, of wild life, and other forms of nature) has been outstanding. Both types of service are based on the land, both close to the things that grow, both part of the beautiful, the good, the kindly and true. Both typify the vision, often eloquently enunciated in written and spoken word, by the philosopher of the holy earth.

He is an authority on many genera of cultivated plants, and the leading authority on the genus Rubus, and the palms, his present paramount interest. He has studied the origins and development of the plants of cultivation, and their regional introduction, adaptation and improvement. His work has taken him as an explorer to many far regions of the world. His life has been lived near the earth, with things and creatures of the earth, and his book on *The Holy Earth* is little short of a classic in literature. By a man's works are his thinking and his heart known.

Announcing . . .

The Twentieth Anniversary Number

of

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CHANGING VALUES IN THE WESTERN WORLD

The stenographic record of a discussion held in the office of Irita Van Doren, Editor of the New York Herald Tribune *book section, on Wednesday evening, February 14, 1951. Present were the following persons:*

SIMON MICHAEL BESSIE
ALAN GREGG
HIRAM HAYDN
MATTHEW HUXLEY
ALAIN LOCKE
WALTER MEHRING
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
FREDERICK A. WEISS

At the beginning of the discussion, all the participants are present except Mr. Schlesinger.

MR. HAYDN:[1] We have met tonight to discuss the degree to which and the ways in which, over, say, the last one hundred years, the values of the Western world and those traditional principles under which we have lived, or at least believe that we have lived, have changed—to what extent they have changed, and in what ways they have changed.

DR. LOCKE:[2] Including the effect of the continued war atmosphere of our time.

MR. HAYDN: Yes. Now, it seems to me that the first thing we will have to do in such a discussion is to decide what are those central values, what are the (so to speak) pillars of the Western way of life traditionally. Only then can we judge how they have changed and to what extent they have changed. . . . Well, I found that two or three rather comprehensive categories were represented by the many single suggestions made at the Editorial Board meeting when this topic was suggested. One of these was the concept of individual liberty. This was suggested as one of the basic points under a great many different aspects —such as initiative, enterprise, the right to be different, the right of privacy, religious freedom of faith and practice, the freedom of the scientist to pursue unhampered and without secrecy his goal. Do you remember any other?

DR. LOCKE: No.

MR. HAYDN: Of course, the general con-

[1] HIRAM HAYDN is the editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

[2] Professor of philosophy at Howard University, ALAIN LOCKE is at present on leave under a Rockefeller Foundation grant to complete a book, *The Negro in American Culture*. Dr. Locke is a member of the editorial board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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cept involved is the traditional concept of political—

DR. LOCKE: Oh, yes, philosophical detachment.

MR. HAYDN: Yes, there were two related points made: one, philosophical detachment; the other (which I think means approximately the same thing), the right to pursue quietly the course of remaining nonpartisan, of not feeling required to vow openly your allegiance to one side or the other of every immediate political, economic and social issue.

(Mr. Schlesinger enters, and the opening remarks are repeated.)

MR. HAYDN: It seems clear to me, also, that the isolated uses of the word "justice" and "peace" and several others at the meeting are suggestive of the traditional Western belief that free men (and under natural law, etc., etc., all men were considered free men)—that free men and nations of good will could come together in voluntary, collective action and bring about peace, enlightenment and the enforcement of justice throughout the world.

MR. BESSIE:[3] May I rephrase that, to say that the best way of achieving peace, justice, etc., was through—

MR. HAYDN: Very good.

DR. LOCKE: Shouldn't we face the implied alternative there—of socio-economic determinism, with the belief that social forces are really the determining factors, rather than the others you mentioned?

MR. HAYDN: Are you suggesting that that alternative is part of the tradition from which we begin? Because what I am now trying to do—

DR. LOCKE: Well, I am not suggesting that that is the alternative from which we begin, but I think that is the historical dilemma that we are called upon to face: as to whether or not the United States—

MR. HAYDN: Well, all I am trying to do now is to define the traditional values—with the help of all of you.

MR. BESSIE: The alternatives will constitute a good part of the discussion. That is, what are the alternative attitudes, values and beliefs that have arisen?

MR. HAYDN: Does that make sense to you, Dr. Locke?

DR. LOCKE: Yes.

MR. HAYDN: Now, the two I mentioned are the only two such general categories that emerged, as far as I can see, from the Board's discussion of the topic. Do you accept them as any starting basis to work from? If you do, what others would you add before we take them up one at a time? (I hope it won't be as stiff and rigid as it sounds). Or do you think, for that matter, that this is the wrong sort of handle to get hold of?

DR. GREGG:[4] I think it is a reasonable way to proceed. I would put down perhaps three things that strike me about our traditional values in the Western Hemisphere—perhaps more true of North America than of South America, but certainly true of the Western Hemisphere in general. First, I find a very widespread conviction that there is a better way of living still to be found and still ahead, that progress is not a phenomenon that simple (as can be observed up to this moment)—but still that there is always a better way of doing things.

MR. HAYDN: I think that is really a better, more comprehensive statement of the second thing I was trying to get at. I described my second category in too vague, general and loose a way. I think your idea is more basic.

DR. GREGG: I think it has been very im-

[3] Now an editor of general books at Harper & Bros., SIMON MICHAEL BESSIE has spent much of the past thirteen years in Europe as journalist, U.S. State Department official, and, during the war, as member of the Psychological Warfare Division. He has written numerous magazine articles and a history of tabloid newspapers, *Jazz Journalism.*

[4] ALAN GREGG, M.D., is a vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation where he has been since 1919, first in the field of public health and later in medical education and research. Dr. Gregg is a member of the editorial board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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portant that the United States has had a very wide variety of scattered and highly varied religious denominations and even actual cults—all sorts of small religious groups that have had a partially Utopian view that things could be made to run in a new way that had never been before, and who thanked God they didn't have to pay any attention to the experience of the human race before. "Let Europe go. This is a new country."

I used to see in the hospital a little girl, for instance, of nine who would come in with her mother—her mother born in Europe, the little girl born in the United States. I would give the mother some instructions as a doctor. The little kid would look at me in a sort of pitying way as if to say, "She won't understand this. She comes from the old country. They don't do things that way, and this is the only way to do it, but I can't convince my parents of this."

Now, I think that there is a definite end result that has come in this country from the way in which young people left their parents to go West, for instance, at one stage of our history. The parental influence never exhibited itself much beyond the time they left home, and consequently there is in the United States far less tension between age groups than I have seen in Europe, where the younger people, though polite, superficially, are deeply resentful of the control of men of sixty and seventy.

MR. MEHRING:[5] Not any more.

DR. GREGG: And that's a very interesting point, but it certainly was true in 1915 and 1920.

MR. MEHRING: Even until 1933, I would say. The change came with the dictatorship in Germany, and then it was the dictatorship in the whole of Europe—and, of course, in Russia, as you know, it is completely changed today.

MR. HUXLEY:[6] Well, I should say the reverse is coming now. I feel rather that there is a small resentment of age control here in this country. Wouldn't you say that that is coming up now?

MR. BESSIE: Yes, but I don't think it bears any parallel to what existed in Europe. There was, I think, in Europe a sense that you could come to full estate only through the death of the older generation. I don't think we have got that at all in this country.

DR. GREGG: I remember a simple thing which I think is worth taking up our time, if only because it was so vivid. One morning a French paper offered a prize of four hundred francs for an essay, not more than four hundred words long, on "What Are the Best Ten Years of a Man's Life, and Why?" And when the prize-winning essay came out, it said in part, "The best years of a man's life are from age fifty to sixty, for the following reasons: (1) If you have married, had any children and any of them are girls, you have by that time scraped together the marriage dowry, and that at least is off your chest; (2) your nearest business or professional competitor, who has been lording it over you on the basis of his seniority, is either dead or retired, and you are a free man to do what you want for the first time in your life; and (3) by the time you are fifty, your relatives of the previous generation will probably have died, and any money you are getting from them will be yours.

But the important point was point two, that you are a free man to do what you want for the first time in your life when you get to be fifty.

MR. MEHRING: Yes, and for the Frenchman, of course, the other exception is, that when he is fifty, his family (meaning father and mother) are not alive anymore, or are not important anymore, and then he is free from his family.

DR. GREGG: That came out in answer to a similar question about the best ten years

[5] Born in Germany where he published twenty-three books, mostly poetry, WALTER MEHRING later lived for twenty years in France. Since coming to this country in 1941, he has published a book of poems, *No Road Back*. His new book, *The Lost Library*, will appear in July.

[6] MATTHEW HUXLEY is research associate at the Conservation Foundation, a private educational organization for the development and dissemination of information on the proper utilization of renewable resources.

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of a woman's life. These, the answer said, are from twenty to thirty, and the first reason given was that you are then no longer under the control of your mother.

Now, another thing—

MR. HAYDN: You have a third point?

DR. GREGG: I think that the struggles of the early colonies—remember the well-known remark, "Gentlemen, we must hang together or we shall all hang separately"—together with the arduous work of taming the wilderness (where two men would have to help each other to roll logs, or to cut down trees, or to husk at husking bees) suggest the third point. Frederick Turner laid great emphasis on that *cooperation* as being a tradition of the West in its effort to tame the wilds, and I think there is a great deal to that.

Now, as I have seen it—

MR. SCHLESINGER:[7] He also laid great emphasis on individualism, and somehow he related the two.

DR. GREGG: He related them in the sense that when the individual saw that he was emphatically not going to be equal to the physical task, he felt curiously free to ask his neighbor to help, with a clearcut understanding that he would in turn help the other guy. And it wasn't the taming—that is, the taming of the wilderness, wasn't at a point where a man could do it single-handed.

The other thing that impresses me about the tradition that we have had is—and I can check it, I can reduplicate it any time I want to go West—the general assumption that American people have that other people are, by and large, likely to be friendly—as contrasted with the assumption that every man's hand is raised against me or is likely to be. And this easy-going casual kindliness of Americans is often called a virtue. Now, I don't happen to think it is one. I think that is just results from the relative ease of living here, but it impresses me very much indeed as part of our tradition.

[7] Associate professor of history at Harvard, ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., is the author of *The Age of Jackson* and *The Vital Center*. He is a member of the editorial board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

Now, I have said all this only to give you some points on which I hope you will differ with me.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Are we talking about—

MR. HAYDN: Excuse me if I interrupt. I'm supposed to try to hold this thing together, and therefore interrupt if we're losing the thread. Dr. Gregg, are we talking about the Western world, or are we talking about the United States?

MR. SCHLESINGER: That is just what I was going to ask. Is it how the American tradition has changed in one hundred years, or how the European and Western—

MR. HAYDN: It was first phrased as the West.

DR. GREGG: The West in the sense of hemispheres.

MR. HAYDN: No. By the West, we meant what is traditionally lumped together, Western Europe and ourselves. But which will be more to the point? Which is more fruitful? I think we should take the larger framework.

MR. SCHLESINGER: There is really a crisis of Western culture.

DR. GREGG: That is all right. I will accept that gladly.

MR. HAYDN: Now, before you go on, I would just like to have Dr. Gregg summarize again, very briefly, his points, because I think in an interesting way several of them really fit in with the first two categories we were talking about, anyway, although he was speaking only of the United States.

DR. GREGG: Well, the first is that there must be a better way of doing things, which is a blunt and perfectly explicit challenge to pure traditionalism. And I think that is characteristic of the West in the broadest sense.

MR. HAYDN: And a part of its tradition.

MR. BESSIE: It is a tradition of anti-traditionalists.

DR. GREGG: That's right, and that tradition grew unconsciously, but it grew. And secondly, I spoke of voluntary cooperation and, in the face of threat, the feeling that the only way to get by is to hang together.

And my third point relates to whether

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you assume hospitality or whether you don't.

MR. SCHLESINGER: That assumption may be more specifically American.

DR. GREGG: Yes, that may be more specifically American. I am afraid it raises a very unhappy subject in the context of the broader concept of the West. I am afraid it raises also the question of the assumption of superiority, racial or national, which seems to me to characterize a good deal of Western history, including the United States.

MR. SCHLESINGER: It characterizes most history of any part of the world.

DR. GREGG: Yes, it does, but we have been pretty much—

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think this is a kind of uniformity. There have been very few nations or peoples really given to modesty about themselves.

DR. GREGG: Did you see that note in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* complaining about the title of the theatrical production because it was called *Buddha Is Right?* It is a musical comedy, and it was pointed out that certain persons in the Far East, certain students perhaps, might run a musical comedy or a trivial extravaganza called *Christ Was Right* —and it wouldn't feel right to us. Well, there is a point of view that struck me as being admirable. . . .

MR. SCHLESINGER: Clearly one of the great beliefs a hundred years ago was the belief that most qualitative problems were susceptible to quantitative solution through technology and increase in the national output, and through the general technological abundance which was being unlocked by science and engineering—the belief that through that way you get a solution of most problems.

DR. GREGG: Then I think the phrase "Ain't Nature wonderful" is packed with an assumption that is being challenged—namely, "There is a limit to the abundance of Nature, and Nature ain't so wonderful" as it is easy to assume that she was. That is to say, you can't take advantage of her indefinitely and to an indefinite extent. She isn't as wonderful as that.

MR. HAYDN: Let me ask you this, gentlemen. Will it be confining, will it put a straitjacket on you to return to the points which have so far been raised, without adding others for a while, and take them up one by one? I mean, I don't want to make this—

MR. SCHLESINGER: Well, you have to do something like that. Couldn't someone very briefly—could you very briefly summarize what you consider the points which we ought to take up?

MR. HAYDN: Well, with the help of what has already been said, I will try, anyhow. But let me say first that the way in which Dr. Gregg has phrased the points he has raised, and the way in which you have phrased yours, are much less bald and naïve than saying simply, "The concept of individual liberty." Yet we've agreed that this concept is a part of this discussion, the very first point. Will someone phrase that, as these others have been phrased? Well, what about the traditional assumption about individual liberty one hundred years ago? The regular feeling about it was—what?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Part of it was certainly that individual selfishness sufficiently multiplied creates social good.

MR. HUXLEY: Would you repeat that?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Individual selfishness sufficiently multiplied creates a social good.

MR. BESSIE: The theory of the market place.

MR. SCHLESINGER: That everyone's pursuing his own business results in a maximization of the public good. I think it is all connected, too, with the conception of human nature as being naturally good.

MR. HAYDN: These are two things to start with—

MR. SCHLESINGER *(interposing):* The Emersonian theory that every man—

MR. HAYDN *(interposing):* And this, of course, goes back thousands of years.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think that, in the nineteenth century, partly through economics and partly through the kind of rhapsodic individualism that Emerson had, there is a different emphasis.

MR. HAYDN: That's right, but the tradition from which this variant is produced is

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the tradition variously enunciated by various Greeks and imitated by various Romans and passed down through the Middle Ages and baptized by Thomas Aquinas and other people, and reiterated by Erasmus and other people, and then by John Locke and John Milton and all the rest of them.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Nothing is new.

MR. HAYDN: What I am wondering is whether we ought to think of it in that more traditional way—

MR. SCHLESINGER: Well, the eighteenth and nineteenth century gave it a particular sanction.

MR. HAYDN: Which you described a moment ago in terms of the Emersonian theory.

MR. HUXLEY: Then, of course, you get the direct contradiction; in terms of trying to join individual liberties of this form with peace and justice as voluntary cooperation, which was being demanded then by the unprivileged masses. You have the complete reversal of trying to join the individualists into a collective conception. You have to bring in both.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think one of the differences between the nineteenth century conception and the earlier conception was that the nineteenth century was unaccompanied by a sense of sin or of human limitation, and—well, now, really, that was a great failure in the nineteenth century, the extent to which a belief in human depravity was missing. It was expressed in some official things, and did bob up in people like Dostoevsky in a savage way, but eventually it was kicked out of the dogma of the nineteenth century. This was very different from the individualism of Thomas Aquinas.

DR. GREGG: Oh, yes, I think that both the proper use and the very easy abuse of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest came in there very sharply, and gave a sanction that was lacking up until that time.

MR. MEHRING: That is the Darwinian concept; and, whether or not it is a biological conception, Goethe had his conception of personality, and others had the conception also of the nihilist individual—freedom for everybody. Goethe was against it and Bakunin was for it. That ideal was not to have any government any more. There are, then, completely different conceptions of individualism involved. . . .

DR. WEISS:[8] I think that Dr. Gregg's statements about his three points—a basic optimism which could be expressed as faith in human nature; a kind of voluntary cooperation; and his evaluation of hospitality—I think that all these problems are very well suited to lead to our basic discussion. Is human nature more or less fixed? Is it fixed, in the sense already mentioned? Is its basis fixed by the existence of aggressive and perhaps, as Freud later said, libidinous drives? Or are there constructive forces in men which are as inherent as Darwin's struggle for survival and Freud's libido principles? Are there forces which move in the direction of voluntary cooperation? The whole concept of inborn aggression as basic human nature and all those static biological concepts of the nineteenth century have become outmoded, with the help of anthropological, sociological and cultural scholarship, and we look today at the problem of human nature in a completely different way, which gives us much more hope to mold in a constructive way inter-personal, inter-social and international relationships.

I think here is a very important point which gives us hope that the assumptions of universal aggressiveness, the unavoidability of competitiveness, and the inherent destructiveness in men (which was in part prompted by Freud and his introduction of the death instinct) are not sound. All that is today being revaluated in the sense of a much more constructive concept of human nature. And we have many proofs that Dr. Gregg's examples are correct: that human nature is changeable; that social and cultural factors are modifying the so-called biological nature. I think that here is one starting point for a consideration of the

[8] A practicing psychoanalyst, FREDERICK A. WEISS, M.D., is a member of the faculty of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis and a lecturer at the New School for Social Research. Dr. Weiss is a frequent contributor to the *American Journal of Psychoanalysis*.

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possibility that a better way of living is still to be found.

DR. GREGG: Still to be found. I am delighted that you bring that out because I think that is one of the big changes.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I disagree. It seems to me that Dr. Weiss' statement is the statement of a nineteenth century, rather than a twentieth century viewpoint, because I think the nineteenth century outlook was based on what you are saying: that the more we know about human behavior, the more we are likely to use that to mold human nature for constructive purposes.

I think that if there is anything the twentieth century knows, it is that the more knowledge people have of more manipulations, the more that knowledge is used for evil purposes.

DR. WEISS: I didn't mean that in that sense. I don't believe in such an overemphasis on knowledge and intellect. Most important is the solution of those acquired conflicts in the individual and in groups which lead to anxiety, externalizations and hostility.

What I wanted to say was mainly that the concept of human nature from the time of Darwin to today—that is, from the time of Darwin, which later found its reflection in the early work of Freud, to today—has tremendously changed, and many attitudes which were considered at that time inherent qualities of human nature are today seen as being conditioned by specific social and cultural environmental factors.

This discussion leads away from what is then really the main track of this evening and perhaps—

MR. BESSIE: May I ask a question that I think grows out of what Dr. Weiss is saying? Do we agree that it was a characteristic of Western culture one hundred years ago to accept the belief that an increase of knowledge quantitatively would lead to improvement? I believe that it was, one hundred years ago, and I think that is one of the aspects that we might discuss.

MR. HAYDN: I assume that we are talking about people who are called thinkers and who are articulate spokesmen of those times. I mean, you always have your front guard and your rear guard. I believe that this was the oncoming tendency a hundred years ago, and prevailed for some time thereafter.

MR. MEHRING: And even with Freud. No doubt about that.

DR. WEISS: Who really was very much the last exponent of the whole period of the Enlightenment, hoping that mainly by making unconscious problems conscious, one arrived at the solution—which is not so.

MR. HAYDN: But consider also that the thing Mr. Schlesinger said is being said today in a totally different way—with a theological premise of original sin. The whole current movement of Neo-orthodoxy emphasizes the destructiveness in man. Dressed up in whatever particular form, there is a revival of the basic concept of original sin today.

DR. GREGG: That is what I thought you would say, and that is perfect.

MR. HAYDN: If it is true, then what Dr. Weiss is saying is counter, whether one agrees with his conclusions or the others'. Certainly there is today a very large force, a very large number of men, speaking from various disciplines, who totally disagree with what he has just said.

DR. GREGG: I think one way of stating the changes that came after the nineteenth century is to say that we are now in a period in which relativity or its analogue is now before a great many minds. In the realm of physics, relativity made a profound change. I think in the realm of psychology and psychiatry, the concept of the unconscious, as contrasted with the conscious, made an equally great impression.

DR. WEISS: Yes.

MR. HUXLEY: You have one even more important business, which is Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. I think that is even more important.

DR. GREGG: Well, I would agree with that; it is even more important.

MR. MEHRING: You are discussing great changes in human nature. Can we speak about change in human nature in so short a time as one hundred years? Do you really believe that in one hundred years human nature has changed? I don't think so.

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MR. HAYDN: This, however, is really a different question. What we are asking is not—though we may—has human nature changed? Rather, what is different in the way we look at human nature?

MR. BESSIE: At our conception of it?

MR. HUXLEY: The opinions held of human nature.

MR. MEHRING: Then do you agree also that, during the course of the nineteenth century there was a change in the conception of human nature as great as that since the nineteenth century?

MR. HAYDN: Surely. I do.

MR. MEHRING: There is no consistent conception of human nature.

MR. HAYDN: Let me ask this. What everybody has said is interesting, and is in one sense pertinent, but we have lost any sort of unity of discussion. Leaving the economic side out for the moment, is there a real change in the way in which, shall I say, most people—Wait a minute. Are we talking about most people, or are we talking about the most thoughtful and articulate people?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Use the phrase "informed people"—the intelligentsia.

MR. HAYDN: Does informed opinion today, then, conceive of man as free—Milton's phrase, "by nature free," in the sense in which—and here I have got to go back of a hundred years—in a sense in which the Western tradition has thought of it.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I wonder whether freedom is exactly the crucial concept there. One's concept of freedom depends on one's recognition of limitation.

MR. HAYDN: I think that is useful for this discussion.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think that in the nineteenth century there was a belief in the relative perfectibility of man, and now that belief has disappeared. Now, it may be said that you have to recognize that man is imperfect in order to be perfectly free. Well, I think there certainly has been a shift in the attitude toward human perfectibility.

MR. HAYDN: And that is intimately related to this view of what is basic human nature and what is inherent and what isn't.

MR. SCHLESINGER: And on the question of optimism and progress—optimism, progress, humanity, perfectibility and the general radiant view of human nature are all aspects of the same attitude.

MR. HAYDN: Yes, and I would say that at the moment the dominant opinion on this subject—despite my own sympathy for what you said, Dr. Weiss—is that man is not perfectible, and that destructiveness is inherent in human nature. And this has come—has been come at by many historians, by many religionists, by certain kinds of scientists and some kinds of social scientists and some other groups. But the group which Dr. Weiss speaks of, and—in what he had to say—represents, if I understand him correctly, is saying something quite different about perfectibility and about ultimate cooperation from the nineteenth-century idea of perfectibility.

You said that you felt, Mr. Schlesinger, that Dr. Weiss was really presenting a nineteenth century point of view. I am not sure that I understood him right, but I don't think he was. I think he was expressing the new counterforce to the tendency I have just described as dominant today. And I think that this group thinks in new terms and in quite different terms—

MR. SCHLESINGER: Lester Ward was saying very much the same things in the late nineteenth century—about the fact that the basic factors in human evolution were constructive factors, and the affirmative elements in human nature were really more important and more basic than the negative.

Yet I quite agree. I think Dr. Weiss' formulation of this was far more sophisticated.

DR. GREGG: If I had to state one of the things that seems to me to have come pretty largely since the second half of the nineteenth century, and to be going very strong at the present time, it would be the effect of universal suffrage in certain countries, and especially of the so-called Australian or secret ballot—the end result being as I interpret it, that I, as an individual, feel virtually powerless, in spite of my liberty, to control events very much because the control is in what they now call—

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MR. SCHLESINGER *(interposing):* But I wonder if the sense of powerlessness really comes from the fact that you have only one vote in a ballot. I think you are quite right that one of the distinguishing facts of our century is a sense of the impotence of the human being. I think, however, that this comes from the fact that an individual lives in a society in which he is dwarfed by massive economic forces which he cannot control, rather than from the other fact. After all, we have substantially had adult suffrage in the United States from the beginning.

DR. GREGG: Well, the concept of the majority rule for me kisses goodbye to a great deal of individual initiative and individual responsibility.

MR. SCHLESINGER: On the contrary, it seems to me the greatest liberating thing we have, from the point of view of the release of energy.

DR. GREGG: Yes. You can get my point of view perhaps from the almost universal appeal of the story of Bernard Shaw's being called for the curtain at the end of one of his first presentations of one of his plays. There was loud applause for Bernard Shaw. However, up in the second gallery, there was a loud hiss. Shaw looked up and said, "I quite agree with you, my friend, but what are two of us against so many?" Nearly everybody finds that amusing—and that, to my mind, means that nearly everybody has sensed the impotence of being the lonely individual.

MR. SCHLESINGER: It seems to me that, for the first time in human history, as a result of political democracy, you have a chance to make an impact felt precisely because—through a capacity to persuade others of that viewpoint, and thereby have the truth win out in the market place—you have a situation which never existed before.

MR. HUXLEY: Except you have—I agree with you, but take a look at Athens with the first so-called two-sided parliament. When that came into existence, you got the end of individual oratory and individual reasoning on a problem, and got the two-sided build-up as specific factions with a resultant destruction of the Athenian democracy. I think that perhaps this conception of political mass-action on an individual level entails, as Dr. Gregg has said, feelings of impotence on the part of the individual, unless he has, beyond his own ballot strength, a feeling of importance in the society.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I agree, but I don't think that is the basic point.

DR. GREGG: That is first rate, though.

MR. SCHLESINGER: It seems to me that the feeling of impotence in America came not with the introduction of manhood suffrage, but with the rise of the great corporations after the Civil War. It is that which made people feel that the society was insecure, and caused the feeling of impotence. It wasn't related all to manhood suffrage.

I think if you want to find out why people have a sense of impotence, it is not because we have political democracy; it is because we do not have (to use the phrase I object to) an economic democracy. We do not have public control—or at least until recent years it was not felt that we could have a democratic control of economic life.

MR. BESSIE: May I suggest a footnote, which is that the feeling of impotence is almost a direct result of the areas—economic, social, political and indeed personal—over which personal control has become impossible because of their size.

MR. SCHLESINGER: People are divorced from their fulfillment in their daily work—everything has become impersonal since you have mass production and mass distribution. People live in cities and don't have any property of their own effectively, and they become part of an anonymous mass, and you get into what David Riesman calls "the lonely crowd."

DR. GREGG: The thing that saves the individual from a sense of impotence is a sort of crystallizing in the phrase, "Agree to disagree." That allows a variance in one type of person, gives the protestant person a state and a dignity he otherwise couldn't have.

MR. SCHLESINGER: It seems to me the essential part of that is this question of

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universal suffrage. I think that these conditions would have been absolutely intolerable without that, but *that* at least gives a kind of outlet, and in certain crucial moments, as in this country in 1933, we were able to make immense strides in correcting an intolerable situation.

MR. BESSIE: I think there is also a recent example of Dr. Gregg's thought—I refer to the election of 1948, in which I think a great number of people felt on the day of the election returns—"Ha, my vote does mean something."

DR. GREGG: That is right. That is true. I would accept that.

MR. BESSIE: Just a footnote also on the sense of impotence, which I think relates to what we were talking about before—the notion of perfectibility in the nineteenth century; this, I think, is the change:

I think it was characteristic of that thinking in the nineteenth century not only to believe in perfectibility, and that there was a better way of doing things, but when that better way had been found (in your case universal suffrage) that perfection would be induced. And I think that the disillusion with the imperfection of universal suffrage is a transitory thing. I think that it did not—any more than the women's vote—induce a changed state politically. Therefore, characteristic of the Western world today, "my vote means nothing," because they expected it would mean everything.

MR. HAYDN: A very good point. Well, in my role of supervisor, I have plucked two things out of this so far, and there are many more. One is that most of us seem to believe that dominant so-called informed opinion today has little confidence in the constructive forces, whatever they may be, of human nature's ability to outweigh or overcome the destructive forces.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Now, I think that is putting it too strongly. I think that they have abandoned the belief in perfectibility. They have abandoned a naïve belief in inevitability of progress.

MR. HUXLEY: I would disagree strongly with that.

MR. HAYDN: Then, you are suggesting—

MR. SCHLESINGER: What I would like to find out—

MR. HAYDN: *(continuing)*—a somewhat more cheerful view.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I wondered whether it would be useful to raise a question this way: If we could agree that this has been a preponderant change, is it a good change? Or have we over-reacted into a traditional historical situation? Are we right in abandoning the nineteenth-century presuppositions and going over to original sin?

MR. HAYDN: Well stated. Right or wrong, I wanted to state that, ask that question, and then state this second point—which has to do, not so much with, if you will, the private single individual—but that individual in a larger social context, and in connection with this concept of impotence.

MR. HUXLEY: I think I disagree, Mr. Schlesinger; I think the idea of personal individual perfectibility has been transformed, because of personal impotence, into a conception of the material perfectibility of the social order. The switch is from the individual "me" or "you" into groups, nations or whatever you want.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think that would certainly have been true twenty years ago.

MR. HUXLEY: You are getting a variation of it now in Point Four in the developing of backward regions—a perfectibility inherent in the proper development of materials, and its influence, therefore, upon the body social using these materials and resources.

I think it stems from a concept of what science can do to make a better life.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think the amount of money currently being appropriated for Point Four shows how people feel about that—what their conception of it is. I think, too, a distinction ought to be drawn between the idolatry of social forms which, for example, you had in fascism and communism, which was an extreme case of belief that you get salvation from social order, and the kind of (the limited way I would call New Deal) methods of improving living standards which I might refer also to Point Four. I don't think that any-

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one should be evangelical about Point Four. I don't think that anyone thinks it is really going to solve anything. It is a kind of holding action.

It seems to me that it is not necessary if you take the original-sin line, therefore, to say that all material improvement is irrelevant—quite the contrary.

MR. HUXLEY: Are you talking now of the intelligentsia or the man in the street? I think that the man in the street thinks that the atom bomb is the solution to anything you want.

MR. HAYDN: No, I don't think so.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I don't consider that true at all.

MR. HUXLEY: Well, I have that very strong feeling.

DR. GREGG: I think that there is something in Mr. Huxley's point. I've felt for a long time that one could very nearly define the intelligentsia by saying, "That's the part of the population that is ignorant of how ignorant the rest of the population is."

We simply don't take recognition of the simplicities or the over-simplicity of what people are thinking because we have constant—

MR. SCHLESINGER: I am a Raymond Clapper man, and I think that when he said, "Never over-estimate the information people have and never under-estimate their intelligence," he made an accurate statement.

MR. HUXLEY: There are many who predicted wrongly the 1948 election for public opinion polls.

MR. SCHLESINGER: The results of the 1948 elections indicated the intelligence of the American people.

MR. HAYDN: What about the second part of this question? We are talking primarily in terms of the concept of human nature. Has the swing, as Mr. Schlesinger said a couple of minutes ago, toward this other view which emphasizes to a far greater extent the destructive elements in human nature—has this swing been excessive in your opinion, and is it in its own way distorting? And, as I understood Dr. Weiss to say, are anthropologists and sociologists, among others, coming to believe, on the contrary, that constructive forces are as strong inherently in human nature?

DR. WEISS: I wonder really how one can say, in spite of the atom bomb, that we have become convinced today that the destructive elements in human nature predominate?

It seems to me and to many of my colleagues—such as Erich Fromm, Karen Horney, Margaret Mead and others—that this is not at all the main development. We feel that much of what today is called destructive human nature is a reaction to increased social, economic and political pressure, and we are by no means convinced that men inherently appear today more destructive than they did, let me say, in the nineteenth century.

MR. SCHLESINGER: May I just interpolate —I do not think that anyone would argue that man is inherently more destructive—they would argue that the official view of human nature held in the nineteenth century so understated the destructive, the egotistic—

DR. WEISS: When I speak about a belief in constructive forces in men today, I do not mean a naïve optimism which, without any proof and evidence in human action, has a belief that even without active human and social effort there will be peace and progress. But I do not think that what happens at present in our time can be used to prove the existence of the predominance of destructive qualities in human nature.

I definitely feel that, freed from the aggressive competitiveness between nations, classes, races, human nature will prove to harbor basically constructive as well as destructive forces—and equally.

MR. SCHLESINGER: How are you going to free them from competitiveness? How do you propose to free individuals from competitiveness?

DR. WEISS: I do not think that competitiveness itself is or must be the expression of destructive forces. I think that competitiveness can be very well seen as part of a constructive move between individuals, groups and nations. And if, for example, the concept which I cannot suf-

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ficiently well define tonight of self-realization—that means the concept that an individual, a group, a nation, primarily by developing its own inherent capacity for growth, can cooperate with others—I can conceive of it; I can conceive of constructive competition in which the destructive elements become very much diminished. And I would perhaps only say at the end of this much too long remark that the newly achieved freedom about which Dr. Gregg spoke includes responsibilities; therefore, in these two areas, in the relationship of the person to himself, in the sense of self-realization, and to others, in the sense of constructive inter-personal, intersocial and international relationships, it will be possible to use those constructive forces.

I believe that most of what we have today of aggression and destructiveness in this world is, psychologically, reactive.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Well, let me just say this: You said that nothing that has happened recently seems to you to prove that the destructive forces are predominant. Will you agree that things which have happened recently have proved at least that the previous nineteenth-century concepts of human nature were inadequate?

DR. WEISS: If you mean a kind of naïve belief in the primitive goodness of man, I don't know whether you find that characteristic of the nineteenth century. That I have not defended; that I do not believe. On the contrary, it seems to me very much the nineteenth century was Darwinian as a century, and I feel that only recently studies which have been made by Ruth Benedict, Margaret Mead, Erich Fromm and Karen Horney have shown that social and cultural factors enter much more into what is called "human nature" than was seen in the nineteenth century.

MR. SCHLESINGER: So, you would reject Spencer and Emerson too?

DR. WEISS: Oh, yes. In that sense. Let me say that the idea that evolution automatically leads to an improvement in men or a society was not only not helpful, but in some ways paralyzing as far as active human effort and active social effort were concerned. Yes, much in Marxism suffered from the idea that there is a kind of automatic move toward a just society, and, therefore, real human effort in improving human relationships would not be necessary.

MR. MEHRING: But this was not the concept of the nineteenth century. I mean neither Schopenhauer, nor Nietzsche, for instance, nor Burckhardt believed—

DR. WEISS: You are right. Therefore, it is very difficult to talk about the values or the spirit of the nineteenth century, because there were both Darwin and Nietzsche. On the other hand there was Emerson, and many optimistic philosophers.

MR. MEHRING: Even the most pessimistic of these figures, who believed that the twentieth century was sure to suffer as a result of tendencies in the nineteenth century—even these did not think of mankind as doomed.

DR. WEISS: That is what I failed to explain clearly, I think: that in the nineteenth century certain thinkers saw human nature doomed by *instinct*. Only recently have we been able—not in a naïve way—to realize that there are constructive forces available in men to build up hope for—well, I talk much too much.

MR. HAYDN: Rather than continue this disagreement about the nature of the nineteenth century, let's admit that, despite overlapping, the predominant earlier strain was an optimistic one.

MR. HUXLEY: Predominantly economic.

MR. HAYDN: And that there was a reaction to that which is manifested in what you, Dr. Weiss, think of as the dominant nineteenth-century point of view. Of course, they weren't quite as neat as that. And now, again, in the twentieth century, the two points of view are disputed.

Gentlemen, I said that we were going to hold this to an hour and a half, and I don't see how we can, but I think we had better try to keep it to an hour and three-quarters.

Out of these other points that have arisen, which do you think would be the most interesting to pursue now?

DR. GREGG: I would like to hear Dr. Locke, anyhow.

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DR. LOCKE: Haven't we gone off course?

MR. HAYDN: Sure. That is axiomatic.

DR. LOCKE: Of course, we have gone off course; we have been discussing largely theoretical interpretations of the differences between the nineteenth- and the twentieth-century concepts of human nature. But weren't we obligated to focus more on what changes have more or less specifically occurred in our concept of freedom—the relation of the individual to society and the way in which we have now either to abandon or amend certain of the traditional concepts?

MR. HAYDN: Yes and no. Because it seems to me some of what we've said is pertinent to our original plan. Yet I agree, I think, that we have gotten off into pretty abstract and theoretical considerations.

DR. LOCKE: And far be it from a philosopher to object. Yet I think we should have been decidedly more realistic.

MR. HAYDN: Let us take the very point you raised there. What do you have to say—and I am assuming that these should not merely be "experiments of light," but should be put to some use, that something useful ought to come out of this whole session—what do you have to say about the relationship of the individual to society?

DR. LOCKE: I think that it is changed, and I think our worship of words and traditionally abstract concepts or abstract traditional concepts has blinded us to the very profound changes which affect the lives which have been forced upon us by the changes in culture and in the type of civilization both of the West in general and of the United States in particular.

Take, for example, the dilemma between social security and all that is involved in it, and the older ideas of "rugged" and self-reliant individualism.

MR. HAYDN: Well, now, as soon as you bring that up, there are two or three different angles from which that may be approached, aren't there? I mean, there is the primarily economic question—and this harkens back to one point Mr. Schlesinger made before about the traditional idea that a great number of individuals pursuing each his own good—would you quote the rest?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Yes—that this would guarantee social good.

DR. LOCKE: Yes, but don't let us think that this has come on all of a sudden. It may have appeared to—in the time of crisis may have appeared as a sudden dilemma, but it has been growing gradually all along.

MR. HAYDN: Agreed.

DR. LOCKE: So that we have scientific trends and we have socio-economic trends which have very definitely altered the—

MR. HAYDN *(interrupting):* Well, perhaps I am jumping the gun—and if so, forgive me; I have one eye on the clock—but perhaps we should avoid a slow build-up in the face of so little time.

Let me throw out the brash statement that I am convinced that fifty years from now, in the year 2,000, there will be no nation in the world which is not under some kind of socialized or collectivized economy.

Well, this may be brash, as I said, but how do you view it? What kind of a reaction does it bring? What kind of a reaction does that statement arouse in you in terms of its relation to the various kinds of individual liberty which are not at all theoretical but quite real to most of us?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Hopelessness. If by socialized, by collectivized, you mean—

MR. HAYDN: I do not mean Stalinized.

MR. SCHLESINGER: It seems to me it is impossible to have a total concentration of economic power without having Stalinism.

MR. HAYDN: I didn't say "total." Perhaps I should have said semi-socialized.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think that is a great difference. I think that there is a great difference between the New Deal conception, which is a conception which preserves private ownership and hence has the basis for independence—between that and a conception of total concentration of economic power in the state. This is a difference of quality.

MR. HAYDN: However brash, I didn't mean that. For instance, I would affirm as an article of faith that I believe it is possible for the people of this nation to increase—in exactly the sense in which you refer to the New Deal kind of control—to

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increase this quantitatively considerably, and to extend fully the area of social equality, really to extend it—

MR. SCHLESINGER: Oh, I agree with that.

MR. HAYDN: And still to retain almost all of the most valuable parts of our concepts and our practices of individual political liberty. And I believe, furthermore, that in the face of what seem to be inevitable technological forces and conservation trends—this is almost the only direction in which we can move and preserve the things that we care about most deeply.

DR. LOCKE: For that we don't have to envisage that hypothetical situation. We can just consider the present; I think we have freedoms and valuable freedoms, and individuality and very fundamental kinds of individuality, but it is an altered kind of freedom and an altered kind of relationship between the individual and society.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Not necessarily. I think it could be argued.

DR. LOCKE: Well, for example, what would our immediate fathers have said if they had been told that tax money would be automatically withheld from their pay envelope and applied to their taxes—both democratically conceded justice and with no essential curtailment of the rights of the individual? They would have said—well, they would have started a whiskey rebellion all over again on that.

MR. BESSIE: You still have a citizen who is quite active in pursuing this matter, who is dragging it through the courts, and who says that the government does not possess that right to withhold from the employees.

DR. LOCKE: That is within our theoretical rights, but at the same time the general practice of society has so altered its concept of its relationship to the individual that it does do this. And a good many of us, especially those of us who have been born under this regime, don't feel that it is at all a vital violation.

MR. SCHLESINGER: It isn't vital. It is just a bookkeeping procedure.

DR. LOCKE: My point is that it would have been thought to be in the nineteenth century.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Hamilton, after all, won the whiskey rebellion. Hamilton was right and Jefferson was dismally wrong in what the powers of government should be, but I think that there is nothing really new here, and I think it could be argued that the fact is that the traditional civil liberties in the traditional sense—in one sense of the person's rights against the state in the fields which are important—have been extended since 1933 in this country as a result of the expansion of the governmental activities.

MR. MEHRING: The great problem is, I think, this: I think America is the last country now with those concepts of individual freedom. The concept exists only in America, not in Europe any more.

MR. BESSIE: What about England?

MR. MEHRING: In England, yes, a little bit, but not too much. A little bit only. We can include England, but will they survive the next world war? Even in America—the conception of liberty, will that survive the next world war?

MR. BESSIE: If you ask that question, you imply presumably that they are in greater jeopardy today than they have ever been before.

MR. MEHRING: Gentlemen—

MR. BESSIE *(interposing)*: I disagree with what you were saying.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think they are both more secure and in greater jeopardy—both.

MR. HUXLEY: What about such a problem as individual ownership of land and natural resources—conservation? What then? For example, in the case of the farmer who refuses to do anything about a condition which is leading to the erosion of his land, what effect does that have on his next-door neighbor? There is a very specific case here from the viewpoint of specific individual liberties and the right to do as one pleases with one's land. But what about his social responsibility for the proper care of that land?

MR. BESSIE: Haven't we simply enlarged the limits of our definition of what constitutes responsibility?

MR. SCHLESINGER: One way is that you can go in and tell the farmer that if he does this he is going to be moved out of the land. The other way is you can have a

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system of benefit payments for which a person cannot qualify unless he treats his land correctly. That is a system we use here.

MR. HUXLEY: And it is artificial.

MR. SCHLESINGER: And the—

MR. HUXLEY: It is not efficient.

MR. SCHLESINGER: On the contrary, it is quite efficient.

MR. HUXLEY: Well, that is not my feeling.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Well, there has certainly been a tremendous improvement.

MR. BESSIE: The question is whether our system is more efficient than the punitive or dictator systems; because that I think touches directly on tradition.

MR. HUXLEY: For example, in the state of Washington, where reforestation is required upon land which has been cut, that case has been taken to the Supreme Court. But I think that there is a rather basic principle in the case in point. Is this within the police powers of the state?

MR. SCHLESINGER: I would say, "Sure."

MR. HUXLEY: Without any restraint upon individual liberty?

MR. SCHLESINGER: It seems to me that the essential question in individual liberty is the freedoms of expression and conscience and political opposition, and I do not see that making a person pay a withholding or employee's tax, or making him plant trees, or preventing him from ruining a river basin, or doing things like that, are relevant at all to the basic civil freedom.

MR. HUXLEY: You have raised a rather interesting limitation of what you consider individual liberty.

MR. SCHLESINGER: That is the limitation which has been accepted by the Supreme Court of the United States.

MR. BESSIE: I saw Dr. Locke shake his head.

DR. GREGG: I think it likely that out of the movement for conservation we will be reexamining in the next few years the question as to whether the world was made for man exclusively.

MR. HUXLEY: That is exactly what I was trying to raise.

DR. GREGG: And I think it will be a very considerable issue.

DR. LOCKE: Even that is a transformation in our ways of thinking, and a very important one.

DR. GREGG: I am still puzzled where, historically, we got the assumption that man is something extra special.

MR. MEHRING: Exactly.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I am puzzled by that. What else is the world made for?

DR. GREGG: We will take an ichthyologist's point of view.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I am familiar with the arguments.

DR. GREGG: I must say, as briefly as I can, I am not at all sure—and this is a little fantastic—I am not at all sure that we wouldn't all be better off if we considered that the optimum thing to maintain was a topsoil of eight inches that really had plenty going on in it, and let man be secondary to the maintenance of that. It is a little bit of the old idea that Hercules lost his strength when he got off the ground—or who was it? Antaeus?

MR. SCHLESINGER: That is a verbalistic argument to maintain the topsoil of eight inches *for the sake of man.*

DR. GREGG: I am saying that possibly the whole world would be a great deal better if man did not, with his presently extraordinary vanity, assume that the whole show exists for him.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Well, what else do you have? The top soil of man?

DR. GREGG: My idea would be that if the atom bomb wiped out human life, what a beautiful landscape it would be.

MR. BESSIE: Then you raise an interesting question: whether or not there would be a landscape if the human eyes could not see it.

DR. GREGG: Well, I do not believe that animals are blind.

MR. MEHRING: Are we not to believe in the perfectibility of animals? Why are we all thinking of the perfectibility of human beings?

DR. GREGG: I am really appalled by the human assumption that the world is made for him and that is all.

MR. HAYDN: Well, at this point I am confessing my own incompetence, whether

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or not modern man as a whole fails. Do you think that there is any use in trying to attempt to draw this thing together, or do you think the incidental light that has been shed is sufficient?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Will anyone make an attack on the revival of original sin?

MR. HUXLEY: Is it important?

MR. HAYDN: I certainly would if I weren't so tired.

MR. SCHLESINGER: You have got a good Renaissance background on it.

MR. HUXLEY: I would like to know why you consider it important.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I think it is a most important thing. The history of the past century has expedited one realization, and that is the inadequacy of man to most of the problems which confront him. When he fully recognizes that inadequacy he is going to have a better chance of coming to terms with most basic human and social problems—which are themselves basically insoluble.

MR. HAYDN: It seems to me you don't require, either in a theological or a psychological interpretation, the concept of original sin in order to be equipped with genuine humility.

MR. SCHLESINGER: All you need is a sense of human limitation. I don't care what you call it, but I think a sense of human limitation had kind of evaporated.

MR. HAYDN: Why do we need to speak of the concept of original sin to recognize that? On that basis, it seems to me you are really knocking a straw man down. It doesn't seem to me that one needs the orientation of Neo-orthodoxy to believe in our limitations. But I would add that the healthiest view that a human being can have of the nature of, first of all, himself—without which I don't believe he is qualified to generalize—is one that considers both his limitations *and* his potentialities.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I quite agree.

MR. HAYDN: And certainly the concept of original sin historically, and for that matter as interpreted by the people whom I have read and heard defending it in our time, lays a stress primarily, if not exclusively, on the limitations.

MR. SCHLESINGER: Oh, how can you say that? I think Niebuhr certainly has a lively sense of human potentialities as well as limitations—as his whole political career shows.

MR. HAYDN: Yes, I dare say he does. But while his emphasis upon pride, whether considered individually or, as he often uses it, nationally, is salutary, I can't accept his explanation, if I understand it. Why must we say that there is something *basically* destructive in human beings in order to recognize that most of us tend to be falsely proud and viciously proud? There is a real danger, like that we encounter in the original original-sin attitude of Luther and Calvin, that we will come to regard moral effort as entirely irrelevant to both individual and social problems, under this dispensation. How can we assert confidently that these destructive tendencies are inherent, instinctive elements of human nature, rather than primarily caused by all sorts of cultural and social forces?

MR. SCHLESINGER: That goes back to the old question of what is natural, I mean historically, and as I look at the historic interpretation only in terms of the various elements of human nature, one of them is the constellation of aggression and pride (I don't like the phrase "destructive elements"). The elements of human vanity and human aggression, as well as the elements of human creativity, are part of our equipment, and in uneasy equilibrium.

MR. HAYDN: I doubt if we really disagree as much as I thought at first. If it hadn't been for your use of the term "original sin," which, theologically put, means—

MR. SCHLESINGER: There is a difference, as you know, between original sin and total depravity.

MR. HAYDN: Certainly.

MR. SCHLESINGER: And all that original sin says is that there is a defect in man. He cannot transcend his own limitations. He may know the good, but cannot achieve it. It seems to me that the Christian tradition—whether or not you believe in the mythology, still is an interpretation of experience, and as that, is better than anything that we have ever had.

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MR. HAYDN: This is one-half of the Christian tradition, in this sense, but it was opposed consistently throughout the Middle Ages and throughout the Renaissance and to some extent thereafter by the Christian humanistic tradition, which said that we recognize that these frailties and these defects are indeed a part of the nature of most human beings. But we believe, not that man may become perfect like God in overcoming them, but that if we don't believe we may overcome a good many of them, there is no significance to moral effort (I use "moral" in the broad general social sense), and indeed this was the culde-sac that Calvin and Luther fell into when they said specifically many times: All moral effort is irrelevant to salvation.

And I am sure you know the history of their relation to the rise of capitalism, of the change in this religious tradition and how it eventually came to mean a different kind of proposition, where the emphasis lay upon the fact that you might just as well work hard, be successful, and lead a godly life, because this might prove, it just might prove, after all, that you were one of the elect. That finally became something much more constructive and much more in line with the other tradition.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I don't want to carry this any further, but I do want to say that it seems to me that Neo-orthodoxy—I don't think you and I are in radical disagreement —but that Neo-orthodoxy prepares people better for Hitler and Stalin than Christian humanism, particularly in the diluted and sentimental forms.

MR. HAYDN: I was not arguing the case for the Christian-humanistic tradition's strength today, but objecting to your appropriating for the "original-sinists" the whole tradition.

DR. GREGG: I think we have left out one thing that might be mentioned, and that is the tendency—with the perfection of ways of communication (newspapers and radio and so on) toward what I would call the confidence of the Gadarene swine. That is, we are unanimous, we are all running in the same direction and, therefore, we must be right. And that is apparently a tremendous reassurance to a very large number of people. If they are unanimous, that settles it. It settles its essential rightness.

MR. HAYDN: There is a tail to this thing that we have been talking about. It isn't a tail at all, but perhaps even a larger element. Interestingly enough, the names of William James and John Dewey, and the many kinds of extensions that have come out from that segment of thought in this country, haven't been mentioned once tonight, nor the various kinds of derivatives of the central American pragmatic approach to things, by anybody. I wonder why.

DR. LOCKE: Because we have been too speculative.

DR. WEISS: I want to say a few words. I think we don't really need this concept of original sin to become aware of the limitations of human nature. I think that what Dr. Gregg mentioned earlier—although he was a little too extreme as far as my faith is concerned: the tremendous vanity of modern man—I think this very significant. I would not go so far as to wish any atomic bomb used on this earth in order to get a full aesthetic result, but I would say that this vanity, this tremendous self-glorification and this tremendous pride which has been mentioned are really, psychoanalytically seen, destructive to the individual or the group, and the greatest danger to peace and mankind. But this does not mean that healthy self-assertion in the individual and in the group could not be very constructive forces.

I think the tragedy of modern man is very well symbolized in the story of *Peer Gynt*, which we have at present again on the New York stage. There is this man who hopes to find himself by following his compulsive drive for power and glory and exploiting other people and races, and at the end of all his searching he comes to the insight that he has lost himself. And this loss of the real self resulted from a kind of neurotic glorification of the self. That is the tragedy of modern man.

Since Hiram Haydn mentioned that we have not said anything about Dewey, I want to say that from science itself, from Dewey and Einstein, has come the great

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warning that we cannot rely upon science itself for the solution of our present conflicts.

I think, for example, of Dewey's statement that there is a "moral" science which is physical, biological and historic knowledge placed in a human context, where it will illuminate and guide the activities of men, and Einstein has repeatedly warned us that if human and social responsibilities are not introduced as essential factors to counteract the potential destructiveness of modern science, we are really at the end. And, while I agree with Dr. Gregg, that the compulsive, neurotic pride of modern man is the greatest danger, this does not mean that healthy self-assertiveness and healthy cooperation between individuals, groups and nations is impossible after certain conflicts have been solved. And I do not think that they are insoluble.

This is perhaps a little too optimistic a formulation for Dr. Schlesinger, but I feel that without this kind of concept we really will not only close this discussion, but all our discussions.

MR. SCHLESINGER: I hope you are right.

MR. HAYDN: I am about ready to call it a night. Would anybody like particularly to say anything?

MR. SCHLESINGER: Is there anyone to propound a benediction?

MR. HAYDN: I am not sure it would be appropriate. But I thank you all very much.

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The Reader Replies . . . . . .

THE READER REPLIES *regularly carries comments by readers on the contents of the preceding American Scholar Forum. In the Autumn number, for example,* THE READER REPLIES *will contain letters about the debate in the current number on the subject: "Changing Values in the Western World." In addition, miscellaneous letters of comment on various articles appear in this department. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *415 First Avenue, New York 10, N. Y., and should not exceed 300 words in length, except for comments on the previous Forum, which may run to 500. Because of limitations of space, the editors cannot guarantee to print all communications received. Letters intended for publication in the Autumn number should be mailed before June 20.*—EDITOR.

Miscellaneous Comments

The New Criticism

As a reader who has several questions to put to criticism both new and old, the discussion in the Winter issue was not encouraging. Robert Gorham Davis, who put many of the questions that I, for one, would like to have answered, seemed to have signaled himself out in this manner for an irrelevant attack. Mr. Davis had made the mistake, it seems, of putting forward in a scholarly manner sentiments that might be held in one form or another by the philistines. This is an interesting *explication de texte.*

If the discussion can be taken as evidence, fear of the philistines is now the basis for a new snobbery. The opinion—whether relevant or not—is not so important as the group that holds it. This leaves, it seems to me, very little to choose between philistine pressures and the inner-sanctum criticism that neurotically fears attack. As I am an outsider in these matters I can only draw the conclusion that this was also Mr. Davis' cardinal mistake. His criticism did not come from within the group.

What Mr. Davis seems to have in mind is more air circulating in certain quarters, and this discussion would seem to bear him out. Please cast this vote for a little more air—and light.

WRIGHT MORRIS
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Wayne, Pennsylvania

In further comment on "*explication de texte,*" (THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Winter, 1950-51 and Spring, 1951) which is like "*fleur de lis,*" "*nom de plume,*" and many other borrowed phrases, the trick of French syntax and semantics involved is quite generally misunderstood in this country.

Take "*fleur de lis*": though the words say "flower" and "lily," the *fleur de lis* is no flower of any lily, in spite of Webster (I blush to admit), but the conventionalized heraldic representation of a wild flag, originally sprinkled, later charged thrice, on the coat of arms of France. Neither is a *nom de plume* the name of any pen. Great mathematicians as they are, the French have here a means of putting one and one together to get three: they just omit the article with the second noun in such phrases and that does it. So "*la fleur du lis*" (pronounce the "s"!) means exactly what it says,

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"the flower of the lily" (having petals and sepals similar, etc.), while "*la fleur de lis*" (don't pronounce the "s"!) is a very different story; an *explication du texte* is merely an explanation of the text, while an *explication de texte* is vastly more, the famous French detailed analytical and critical method of studying a piece of writing.

HENRY DEXTER LEARNED
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My congratulations on your symposium of the New Criticism. It was a stunning idea to follow Plato and use the form of the dialogue. Their spirited conversations make the personalities and minds of your contributors far more accessible to the reader than the usual formal essays would have done. I hope this won't be your last experiment in the recorded round table.

DANIEL G. HOFFMAN
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Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania

Poets of the English Language

The new reviewing policy of the SCHOLAR should please readers as well as authors and publishers.

Dudley Fitts's review of the Viking Portable *Poets of the English Language* was a splendid appraisal and one for which we are most grateful. As its publishers, we are mortified that our advertisement in the same issue, through a typographical error, should have appeared to inject class-consciousness into literature. The printer made us say well-*bred* moderns" where we intended "well-*read* moderns." We hope that your readers will accept our apologies.

MARSHALL A. BEST
The Viking Press, Inc.
New York 17, N. Y.

The American State of Mind

I was surprised to see in the Autumn number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR the article, "The American State of Mind," by Archibald MacLeish.

It is evident that the author ignores and denies the communistic infiltration of our State Department in Washington ever since 1933, when he says, "The country is just now recovering, in this month of June, 1950, from the most protracted moral and intellectual binge in the history of the Republic, etc.," referring apparently to the public reactions to Senator McCarthy's charges. I think it is indeed time that the people of this nation should wake up and ask themselves "in revulsion and anxiety and disgust" which way our administration has been heading for the last seventeen years. It is time that "such ignorant forgetfulness of the great meaning of our past" should be realized and a change of direction made in accordance with the philosophy of the Founding Fathers of this nation.

Unfortunately, reds and pinks were welcomed by the administration for their votes at the polls, and, as a result, our State Department, in which for some time Mr. MacLeish was assistant secretary, became infiltrated with Communists and pro-Communists. And even to this day the administration covers up the evidence and will not produce it in court. Mr. MacLeish's article, too, is an effort to cover up the evidence.

I am enclosing a clipping of an editorial from the Detroit *Free Press*. "The Story of the Plot to Communize America." This certainly would be more worthy of publication by THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR than Mr. MacLeish's article.

HENRY J. FRIESEN, M.D.
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Like A Sitting Breeze

But still the lazy poets go
To watch the cherry trees in spring.
And if perchance a truth be there,
She seems a young and gentle thing,
Who, frightened at the water's edge
By duels fought to capture her,
Has turned again to find this place
Where in the breeze white petals stir.

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The Scholar in a Time of Peril

One cannot help but respect the great good sense which orders and determines Elmer Davis' "The Scholar in a Time of Peril" (Winter, 1950-51). Yet, while taking exception to none of the major premises or developments of the article, I feel it only fair to call attention to what seems carelessness on the part of Mr. Davis' memory, or a surprising lack of understanding (considering his wartime functions) of two recent and significant social-military events.

I refer to his statements concerning the attack on Paris, and the French defense of their capital, in 1940 and 1944. Mr. Davis thinks that the French did badly, morally speaking, to have "abandoned Paris without a fight, for fear it might be destroyed if they tried to defend it." To say that it *would have* been destroyed (see Rotterdam; see such cities along the Nazi blitz route as Amiens, Abbeville, and Beauvais) would probably not change Mr. Davis' position—but to point out that it would have been destroyed for almost nothing, that the French, as well as the English, and, in fact, the whole war-conscious world, knew that the battle for France was lost already—at Sedan, at Dunkerque, and along the Somme—might help modify Mr. Davis' view. There is nothing, perhaps, more tragic than useless symbol, which is what a destroyed Paris would have been.

At the same time, Mr. Davis romantically fails to take into account the military circumstances of the great Liberation of August 19-26, 1944. One does not deny the brave folk-deeds of the Parisians this epochal week (to do so would be to laugh at the flowered plaques to some 2,000 dead men dotting the walls of the city), but to say that they fought with "the risk that the physical body of Paris might be burned to the ground" is to overestimate and falsify these circumstances—and to do an injustice to the efficacy of Parisian street and barricade fighting. There was little, I should say *no*, risk of this; the French admit so freely. They knew the American Army was closer to the city every hour; they also knew that the Germans had no air power to expend at this time for such a futile defensive retaliation, and that the German garrison was shattered in morale. Here, then, is a symbol—a great and genuine and useful one—but tactically little more.

DUDLEY STRASBURG
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An Apology

This letter is a public apology to Professor Sidney Hook—sincere, heartfelt and long overdue.

Two years ago THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR printed a letter of mine that was conceived as a light-hearted five-finger exercise in semantics, a set of variations on the theme of Professor Hook's use of the adjective "competent" as descriptive of a philosopher.

All thought is dialogic in form, and criticism is one of the most important forms of scientific cooperation. One group of scientists collects data that are then interpreted by another group.

"To understand what rational analysis of experience means," said Felix Kaufmann, "we must recognize that there are different degrees of clarity of thought and that it is possible to pass from a lower to a higher. *Docta ignorantia* means that one does not 'really'—that is, not quite clearly—know what one knows. It may be accompanied by the desire to attain 'real' knowledge, that is, to reach clarity. Socrates' method aims at leading his partners in a discussion towards this goal by suggesting thorough reflection to them and by keeping this reflection in the right path."

I think Professor Hook's work has fulfilled a most important function, and his stature grows with the times. I am humbly grateful to him, and I hope to go on learning from him for the rest of my life.

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Under Whatever Sky

IRWIN EDMAN

Not the Way I Remember It

If there had been survivors of the Flood beyond Noah's family, they would have been tempted in their later years to correct narratives of that inundating event reconstructed by their juniors. "That," some graybeard must have remarked, "was not the way it happened; as far as I remember it, Noah was *not* drunk. It's curious the way these legends get started." Those of us whom *Time* Magazine would call "oldsters" or, perhaps, "middle-oldsters," who were around in the twenties, are beginning to read books written by young men who were tots in the twenties, and who now with industry and imagination "get up" the twenties and make it the theme of historical fiction or, perhaps, of semi-fictional history.

One tries to remember back to the days of the speakeasy, of the Charleston, of the Lindbergh flight, of the early Hemingway, of the American (peacetime) invasion of the Riviera, to the days of speculative fever when every elevator boy was buying stock on margin in a bullish economy that could never reach a final top. One tries to recall the jazz age, the flaming youth; one remembers Edna St. Vincent Millay's "We were very tired, we were very merry;/We rode back and forth all night on the ferry."

Well, all of us who were young then remember even at that time *reading* about all these things. But, perversely, one seems to recall that a great deal of all this was very remote, at the time, to precisely the kind of young people who are reading about it now and believing that the more spectacular elements of the era completely characterized their predecessors. The mad twenties? How many of one's friends lived colorlessly sane lives! How few people some of us seem to have known who were speculating on the stock market; how relatively rare was a visit to a speakeasy! I once saw Texas Guinan plain, but that was because a visiting Frenchman insisted on going to a night club where he could see this American phenomenon. Texas Guinan gave me a rose; I wish I could regard it as the tenderest of my memories. But, generally speaking, the life of a young instructor had much the same context and much the same problems as it always has. The life reported in *This Side of Paradise* was as frivolous and special to most young men and women of that period as it is today. A great many of us used to read with envy about flaming youth; it never occurred to us in dormitory rooms or library cubicles that *we* were *it*. How grand it is to discover now, belatedly, that the whole generation of young people in the twenties was glamorously unshackled, expensively sinful, spiritually lost in far and exotic places. Most of us, even when we went to Europe, were not part of any grand and tragic international set. We lived in *pensions* where we met elderly English spinsters, and some of the worst sins we committed were on French irregular verbs. Often we had breakfast, even lunch, in dairies, not even in cafes, and for some of us, at least, spiritual enrichment came from the works of Poincaré and Bergson, rather than Joyce and Lawrence.

Well, one can't do everything; what a pity we let the mad, bad, glad, sad, glamorous twenties slip through our fingers. How lucky for us that we have lived to read about them now.

On Keeping the Old Familiar Faces

If only the industrious scholars would quit for a while, then one could live among the comfortable, familiar legends of one's youth. There was a time when Plato seemed Platonic and Browning Browningesque. The Greeks were all white marble classicism, and Machiavelli Machiavellian. Alas, zealous research has upset all that. The

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Reformation was not quite the Reformation, and the Renaissance began earlier or later than one had supposed, or, perhaps, strictly speaking, not at all.

Except in the region of our own specialties, all of us live in a spiritual geography of cozy, established formulas, and one hates to see the old landmarks go, or get defaced, or disappear altogether. Thus recently we have been given in a brilliant biography clear evidence of what we should earlier have suspected, that Florence Nightingale was neither the sentimental lady with the lamp of late Victorian sentiment, nor the exhibitionist of good works and dogmatic opinions she became for Lytton Strachey. It turns out that she was a complicated being worthy the reflections of an Ibsen or a Freud. Browning, in spite of all his ripe optimism and dashing chivalrous vigor, turns out from his private letters to have been brisk, business-like, sensible, and even irritable. Even the Plato of the eternal essences, the philosopher-king, has become much more complex, mathematical, semantic than Raphael or Ficino knew.

Yet many of us in our secret hearts, next to our newer, borrowed knowledge, keep our earlier myths. A little learning is a winsome thing. It gives us the child Haydn, the Ariel Shelley, the lyric Joan of Arc. The new figures scholarship gives us cannot compare in simplicity, in human appeal, with these myths we have cherished so long. It is interesting to meet Florence Nightingale the great hospital administrator, the great lobbyist for good causes, the lady of a thousand suppressed passions. But she'll never quite oust from one's imagination the Lady with the Lamp.

Exchange of Opinion

Nothing, we have been told these many democratic years, is more educative than participating in or listening to an exchange of opinion. The colloquium, the seminar, the conference, the symposium, the panel discussion on the radio—how fine, how liberating, how instructive these are to us all, to the participants, to those in the gallery, to those at their receiving sets. The reputed values hardly need to be mentioned. Opinions we had long held are promptly modified; there are persuasively insinuated into our minds things we had never thought of up to that moment. Theories we had thought incompatible are clearly synonymous. Why had it never occurred to us before that planned economy and free enterprise really go very well together? Why had we not realized that isolationists and internationalists are really saying one and the same thing? How stupid of us not to have comprehended that atheists and theists, socialists and capitalists, devotees of program music and of absolute music, vegetarians and beef-eaters, really have everything in common! In theory, at least, the chief value of a panel discussion is to help us see that intelligent men all agree on everything. All that is required is a skilled moderator to bring out this salubrious circumstance.

How different in fact are the results of listening to or, even more, of participating in, such a discussion. After a half hour we *have* generally learned something, something wonderfully reviving too. It becomes perfectly clear that we were even more in the right than we had believed at the outset. How surprising to find that such intelligent colleagues can be so completely wrong-headed, even after the truth is made plain to them. It is gratifying to us to see that the only points, sharp, relevant and true, that were made, were our own. And, as some friend, always happily present, points out to us, we were the only one who spoke complete, grammatical sentences, who kept our temper; it is we alone who showed an unwavering concern for justice and truth. One would hardly have believed, until one actually heard the others, that such absurd convictions, such ineptness in debate, such bad intellectual manners could exist among literate people. There is nothing quite like an exchange of opinions for an hour or so to convince one of the superiority of one's own opinions to the quite silly ideas other people so naïvely broach.

The Renascence of Sin

A conviction of sin, it is becoming fash-

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ionable again to assert, is the prerequisite to effective improvement in the world. The trouble with liberalism of the nineteenth-century variety, theologians enthusiastically advise us, is, or was, its smug optimism, its naïve faith in human nature, its bland assumption that we are, if not nature's masterpieces, at least nature's good boys. Just look at the history of the past forty years, we are told, and one will see the silliness of such assumptions. We are nature's bad boys, we are miserable sinners, we are vessels of corruption, we are bodies of this death. If only we had had the sense to read St. Paul more carefully, we should have known this all along—and we would know also from whom the new theologians are plagiarizing.

Hardly a man is now wickedly alive who could deny the monstrosities, the perversities, the cruelties, that our human nature has exhibited on a vast scale in these last decades. If it is not the psychiatrists, it is the theologians who remind us what depths unmentionable are in our natures. All this should, one supposes, have a tonic effect upon us. But it is clear to some of us, at least, that these home truths (and from what a reputable home!) about ourselves do not help us much. If human nature is the sink of iniquity happily claimed for it by the neo-St. Pauls of our time, then, save for grace (which it is hard to believe will ever reach such as us), the world is really doomed. Is it rapscallions like us who are going to improve society, avert wars, sustain peace? Absurd. Is it we in our pride who are going to have the insolence to start fresh?

Well, if we cannot be washed clean, we may as well wallow in the dirt of our sins and enjoy our own nastiness. There is at least one comfort. Even the criers of "Unclean" are, by their own definitions, as unclean as ourselves. They can be holier than ourselves only by glorying in their own iniquities, and hence by that show of spiritual pride making it evident that in one respect at least they are even more sinful than we are. The old-fashioned liberal had a sense, at least, of some fundamental goodness in human nature, with which we could improve civilization. But one can't make bricks without straw, and, if no good can come from people like us, at least we can draw, sinful though it be, a sigh of relief. Who are we to set ourselves up to improve the world? The devil must smile as he watches us relax—under the guidance of theologians.

Reasons for Celebration

There are families one knows where the ordinary regular birthdays of its members are hardly adequate to the capacity for celebration latent in its lively household. It becomes family practice to celebrate half-birthdays. Thus it becomes possible to signalize on a green lawn in July the natal day of a child whose regular birthday occurs in the bleakness of January. What is more important, the number of occasions for jollity is doubled, and there are ten sound excuses for festival where, by a less creative calendar, there would be only five.

But birthdays are hardly necessary, and certainly there are other plausible excuses for turning what are otherwise mere dates into red letter days. Somebody is always leaving for, or arriving from, somewhere, or getting promoted, or having a book—or even a book review—published. Some friend has found a new house, a new apartment, even a new room, a discovery these days surely a cause for cooperative jubilation. And so great is the need for gregarious cheer that the excuses multiply and the slimmest reason is soon stout enough. "So-and-so," we may soon be saying, "has an idea for a new book." Let's give him a party, and during it we may even find him a title—or a subject. The Campbells' house has just been repainted. Jim's son has made the high-school chess team. Edward's sister has decided to take up painting. The least that is called for is cocktails and processed cheese.

One would think in these times, haunted by the scuttle butt of doom, celebrations would seem out of order, and that even the impulse to have them would vanish. There are probably no statistics on the subject, but there is surely no harm in guessing what they would show. Statistics, then, if one had them, would show that

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there is a notable stepping-up in the celebrations per capita, and an equally notable diminution in the importance of the reasons for having festivals, having parties, organizing little enterprises of shared enjoyment. There must have been agreeable little orgies going on at Pompeii the night before it was buried, possibly lasting into the very morning of destruction—though, presumably, the celebrants at Pompeii did not know this was the last party anybody was going to give in that region.

Our little festivals are given on the conscious edge of destruction. In an anxious time it is not surprising that we welcome any flimsy excuse to indulge in festivities. Or perhaps the persistence of these little gatherings at somebody's house is a sign of a deep confidence that, somehow, there *is* going to be a world in which the new house can be lived in, the new job can be grown into, the new honor can be enjoyed, the new baby can grow up. To the long perspective it may be *earlier* than we think, and even this little gleam of hope is worth celebrating. Let's, then, have a party, just a small one, pending the breaking out of world peace, when the celebration will be very large and crowded and, one suspects, will soon get quite out of bounds.

In the Anniversary Number . . .

If Anybody Wants to Know . . . . . Mark Van Doren

On Translators and Translating . . . . . Lewis Galantière

Television: How Bad Can It Be? . . . . . Mahonri Sharp Young

Tropical Adaptation—a Revaluation . . . . . Earl Parker Hanson

The Roughest Profession: the College Presidency . . William S. Carlson

and other features

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. . . . . The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

Brawling, Sprawling Naturalism

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY. By James Jones. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1951. 861 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by JOHN J. MALONEY

Naturalism in American literature has been dead for some years now, or roughly since about the time the shade of Henry James began to roam through the land. It was killed by the critics, and a cortege of pale young novelists buried it in a remote place marked only by some massive lonely dolmens which Dreiser and Farrell and a few other ancient bards had laboriously erected there. Now it appears that the giant was only sleeping after all, for the most widely discussed, widely read, best received novel of the year so far is also one of the most starkly naturalistic pieces of writing to appear since the publication of *Studs Lonigan.*

The novel, of course, is *From Here to Eternity*. It is a clumsy brawling behemoth of a book, and it demonstrates once again that naturalism in the hands of a dedicated man can produce, not only a powerful social document, but a work of art as well. James Jones, its author, is moved by the same fierce anger that compelled Farrell to write the Lonigan trilogy. Like Farrell, or, for that matter, any man whose indignation has passed the boiling point, Mr. Jones has neither the time nor the patience to be very much of a stylist. His book batters its way along like some monstrous bulldozer, simply overwhelming anything that gets in its way. Also like Farrell (and Dreiser and Wolfe), Mr. Jones is apparently endowed with a prodigious memory which can summon up for him all the minutiae of a complete society—in this case the peacetime, or "regular" army. Like Dreiser's, Mr. Jones's hatred for the society he depicts is mixed with a bitter and abiding love for it—or rather, for what it might be. This ambivalence is responsible for much of the book's confusedness; it is also responsible for its compassion, its bearlike tenderness, its occasional hulking attempts at poetry.

The society upon which Mr. Jones lavishes these mixed feelings is, as I have mentioned, in general the regular army; in particular it is G Company of the —th Infantry Regiment. It is a unique society, and yet it reflects all societies. It is life itself on a particularly savage, predatory, almost bestial level. Here at Schofield Barracks on the island of Oahu in the year 1941 your superiors have power over you, as they do in any hierarchial system, but their power is almost unlimited. Here there are social levels, as there are in any community, but they are rigidly stratified and have the impregnability of castes. Here can be found all the conniving and jockeying that fester in any downtown office, but these politics are not petty because what is at stake is always ultimate and fundamental; it is always perilously close to life or death. Here, in this society, a slight mistake can get you sent to the stockade; in the stockade a slight mistake can get you put in solitary; and in solitary a slight mistake may possibly get you beaten to death with hoe handles, wielded in stolid innocence by impassive guards.

It is a society of homeless men; the place where the vags and strays, the great inarticulate dispossessed, finally settle, and are trained in the art of killing so that they may protect a way of life they never shared. It is, for the most part, a womanless society. It is the society of the "Great Loneliness"—a vacuum of boredom and aimlessness, of K.P. and garbage details, of trimming officers' lawns and cleaning up the stale remnants of officers' parties. And once a month, on payday, the release—the wretched sodden saturnalia when your twenty-one dollars will get you drunk in a Honolulu dive

JOHN J. MALONEY, a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research, contributes reviews regularly to the New York *Herald Tribune Book Review.*

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Princeton UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Edited by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

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and buy you fifteen minutes worth of the impersonal love of a whore.

Yet it is also a society in which (if you believe, as Pvt. Robert E. Lee Prewitt does, that "soljering" can be a decent and honorable profession) you may fulfill yourself by bugling a silver-true "taps," by handling with reverence and respect a beautiful piece of mechanism like the Springfield '03 rifle, or even by pivoting smartly in a crisp close-order drill; in short, by doing positively and well all the things a soldier is supposed to do.

The things a soldier is *not* required to do are the things that eventually lead Prewitt to disaster. Prewitt is an anachronism. He continues to believe that the army can be an honorable way of life long after the army itself has ceased to believe it, and, believing this, he can never accept those times when the army acts dishonorably. Thus he transfers to straight duty in G Company because he cannot stomach the favoritism in the regimental bugle corps, and, having blinded a man in the ring, he resists all the subtly sadistic pressures that are brought to bear on him to force him to box again. Prewitt has the stubborn integrity of the born martyr. Like most martyrs, he loves his society and, loving it, cannot bear to see it be anything less than it should be. He is the army's conscience, and so he must be killed.

Prewitt's first sergeant is Milt Warden, a bruising handsome man, who is a wonderfully efficient non-commissioned officer. Warden has no illusions about the army, and is puzzled by Prewitt's love for it; but since soldiering is his trade, he has become superbly skilled at it. Actually, neither he nor Prewitt belongs in the army: Prewitt is too sensitive, Warden too intelligent.

Between these two men the author establishes a strange Dostoevskian kind of relationship, compounded once again of love and hatred, admiration and scorn. There is a secret unacknowledged yearning on the part of each to know the other, "to touch another human soul and understand it." Yet always when they meet (except for one wild drunken night) this need is blunted by the brusqueness of pride. The two men are, in reality, proud bruised alter egos, Warden seeking in Prewitt his own lost integrity, and Prewitt hoping to discover from Warden the secret of survival.

This relationship is certainly one of the most fascinating things in the book, and yet, as is pretty much the case when he attempts to deal in subtleties, it gives Mr. Jones a good deal of trouble. This is largely, I think, because of the fact that Mr. Jones is never quite clear in his own mind about Warden. To be sure, Warden is magnificent when we see him in action, whether he is firing at Jap strafers from the barracks roof on Pearl Harbor day, or breaking up a bar in a free-for-all, or simply running his company; but when the author takes us inside his mind or maneuvers him into a preposterous love affair, he is much less than convincing. Obviously, Warden is a confused man, but the difficulty is that Mr. Jones seems to be just as confused about Warden as Warden is about himself.

One gets this feeling of author-confusion at various times in the book, and always they are the occasions when Mr. Jones has strayed furthest from what he knows and cares about most—the lowly "dog soljer." Whenever he is reporting on the activities of the soldier, whether in barracks or brothel, he is marvelously vivid and powerful; when he wanders afield to explore the love life of a Warden or the home life of an officer, he sacrifices these qualities. This would seem to be an imaginative lack, and yet I have the feeling that it is more in the nature of an intellectual one. Emotionally he knows his world, but he does not have the intellectual grasp of it that, for example, Norman Mailer had. He seems, rather, to be learning more and more about it as he writes—to be, indeed, attempting to understand it by writing about it.

Lest all this carping be misconstrued, I should like to say that I think Mr. Jones has written a very fine book—possibly a great book. Because it reports more faithfully and exhaustively on the lot of the common soldier than any other book has, I expect that *From Here to Eternity* could enjoy a vigorous life purely as a social commentary. It happens to be a good deal more than that. It teems with life. It is

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prodigal in energy. It has uncompromising integrity, utter truthfulness. It has more sheer drive and punch and thrust to it than any book I have read in years. It is as graceless as an English bulldog and just about as hard to shake off.

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Our Assets and Liabilities

THE PRODIGAL CENTURY. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. *New York: Philosophical Library, Inc. 1950. 258 pp. $2.75.*

Reviewed by ALAIN LOCKE

The Prodigal Century is primarily an historical and critical appraisal of the principal political, economic and ideological developments of the nineteenth century. But Professor Fairchild's unusually penetrating study of them becomes an illuminating analysis of the major social problems of contemporary Western civilization. For he reaches the conclusion, well-substantiated by a wide range of facts and incisive interpretations, that the basic problems of twentieth-century society are the cumulative aftermath of the unprecedented expansions, the unforeseen commitments, the unresolved dilemmas, and the ideological confusions of nineteenth-century thought and action.

These conclusions are not of the usual hat-trick variety through which almost any historical situation can be traced back to some rootage in the past. They spring, on the contrary, from specific diagnoses carefully derived in each of the several fields. Indeed, like a systematic and canny accountant, the author makes a double-entry inventory of the historical developments of the whole period, balancing the nineteenth century's unparalleled advances in science, technology, wealth, power and human welfare against its negative heritage of reckless expansion, heedless prodigality, costly neglect of long-range planning, coupled paradoxically with vainglorious obsessions of progress and naïve illusions about its own ultimate values.

Dr. Fairchild feels justified in striking the present balance on the deficit side. As heirs of a century that never "took the trouble to objectify its goals or to define its values," we of the twentieth century have taken over a cultural heritage which, in spite of almost limitless resources and equally rich potentialities, has sobering alternatives of bankruptcy. All this is regarded as historically inevitable, but happily not as of necessity irretrievable. Consequently, there is hope for our semi-solvent society if we can resolutely convert chronic habits of waste of land and resources to a scientific program of conservation; if we can restrain our headlong momentum of uncoordinated expansion and enterprise by a slower, surer regime of social planning, and similarly in other fields redress our precarious balances. As a case in point: since "classical economics has become a worse than useless guide to individual behavior and social policy," we must re-gear to an economics of fairly distributed abundance, rather than continue to follow a cut-throat system of competitive scarcity. In addition, we have the problems of reconciling the difficult odds between liberty and security, of democratically devising more intelligent yet not repressive social controls, of retaining freedom of thought and a sense of individual responsibility in an age of mass media, group pressures, and skillfully elaborated propaganda.

Above all else, Professor Fairchild thinks we must close up our ideological lag by bringing our symbols and rationale into viable alignment with our problems realistically conceived. This opinion about the

Professor of philosophy at Howard University, ALAIN LOCKE is at present on leave under a Rockefeller Foundation grant to complete a book, *The Negro in American Culture.*

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By Thomas Wolfe

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The "epic" which Wolfe intended is here, and in more heroic proportions and more intimate expressions than just the human—in mountains and lakes and trees and storms and heat and canyons, barren deserts and valleys burgeoning with richness.

The *Journal* is Wolfe's account of a thirteen day trip in a white Ford through the national parks of eight western states: Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho.

Anyone who reading the *Journal* reads Wolfe for the first time will share the turbulent charm of this extraordinary man with a thousand who are excited by the "millions of words" in his titanic novels. The *Journal* is the climax really of the meaning Wolfe found in living. It is, even more than the novels, peculiarly Wolfe—his emotions, his wonder, his discovery, his large appetite for everything in life.

And, the *Journal* is even a kind of guidebook, for Wolfe is accurate as a roadmap. It is a guidebook for those who have taken a grand tour of our great Northwest, for those who plan to take it, and for those who like to travel in imagination to strange places in the companionship of a genius who sees and feels and records a vibrant and personal experience.

Thomas Wolfe died in Johns Hopkins Hospital, September 15, 1938, from the illness that followed immediately the end of the trip which the *Journal* records.

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seriousness of our ideological confusions, past and present, about the grave effect on our social behavior of mismatched rationalizations, is perhaps the most important and well warranted contribution of the whole study. A quotation will illustrate this, and, as well, Dr. Fairchild's enlightening explanation of America's central role in both the achievement and crises of our times:

> For an understanding of modern history it is scarcely impossible to overestimate the significance of the fact that the modes of thought and feeling, as well as the political institutions and economic processes of the contemporary world, were largely formed during the unique period of the nineteenth century, and in particular by the most extreme product of that century—the United States. And by the time the century had come to an end, and new conditions and circumstances were beginning to prevail, these patterns had become solidified and these forms accepted as the right and proper, if not actually the naturally determined, ways for men to conduct their social affairs. The "American way of life," having been originally the way of pioneering and venturing, became the "way of the Fathers" at just the time when the environment and the circumstances of the fathers had ceased to exist.

This inflexibility of thought and feeling amounts to "an unrealistic disregard of the necessity and inevitability of social change," an almost fatal mind-set for any society, but a peculiarly ironical one for a civilization as dynamic and as democratic as ours. Dr. Fairchild warns repeatedly of the many important corollaries of this central contention: of our "bizarre notion that competition is synonymous with freedom," of our traditional conception of "freedom in the simple terms of absence of restrictions," of our inveterate identification of democracy with too literal reference to our own political and economic institutions, of our expectation to engage in a crusade for global democracy without expecting to be changed ourselves by and through it—in short, of the increasing dangers of our own conservative traditionalism. These are challenging analyses and criticisms, carried out in the best tradition of unorthodox but constructive criticism, one might almost say in the Veblen manner. Their timely relevance gives added weight and impor-

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tance to a general over-all estimate of the present assets and liabilities of Western civilization which is the book's main and most welcome contribution.

An American Encyclopedia

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA IN ONE ONE VOLUME. Second Edition. Edited by William Bridgewater and Elizabeth J. Sherwood. *New York: Columbia University Press. 1950. 2203 pp. $28.50.*

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

It is hard to see how an encyclopedia, even in one volume, can be reviewed, no matter how long after publication. To read it is impossible; to sample it is an imposture. One can only carp or cluck as the first few consultations disappoint or satisfy, and as they lead by association of ideas to other entries, in the sporting hope of catching the editors napping.

More than from other books, the reader wants from an encyclopedia the right mixture of what he knows and what he does not know. He wants it, moreover, in the very spot where he himself would have put it. Let him look up something and be asked to "see" something else, and he will frown. If this happens thrice running he becomes —most unjustly—that particular work's enemy for life. Meanwhile the type and arrangement of the entries, the thickness of the paper, and the docility of the binding affect his judgment—as they should. Beyond all this, some fastidious readers also want style and precision in place of convention and cliché. Hence the passion displayed for one's chosen reference works: it is possible to be neither fool nor fanatic, and yet swear by Fowler's *Modern English Usage*.

For fifteen years past, many people have sworn by the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, and it now appears in a new edition, brought up to date and even handier than the first. Size, weight, paper, legibility, and abundance of information make it more than ever a serviceable and friendly companion to intellectual work. From the opening word it engages our minds:

> A. First letter of the alphabet. Its Greek correspondent is named alpha, as in the expression "Alpha and Omega" ("first and last"; see Omega), symbolizing God. It is a usual symbol for a low central vowel as in *father*. English a is a diphthong of e and y. In musical notation it is the symbol of a note in the scale. In chemistry A is the symbol of the element *Argon*.

Here surely is warrant that the editors, though limited to one volume, are not going to be stingy, not even tight-lipped, but humanistically alive to connections and meanings. In almost all the articles read for this review, there was that very precious virtue of giving more than was asked for—alpha to omega indeed. Take some of the systematic features of the work: all the Bible characters identified and attached to their locus in the Authorized Version. Again, a staggering quantity of persons and places in America, including among the former many living notables, and assigning for the latter the latest population figures. Finally, a comprehensive coverage of the main heads of terminology and nomenclature in all the arts and sciences. The work is thus something more (and something less) than a concordance, a dictionary, and a gazeteer combined.

By its selection and emphasis the *Columbia Encyclopedia* shows its national commitment as a book for Americans. There is in this nothing reprehensible; the practice is common to all foreign works of the same kind. Indeed, so long as the text itself is free of chauvinism, this division of attention is useful, since it enlarges the total number of items discoverable in encyclopedias: you go to the national reference work to find the second-rate politician who, on a universal scale of merit, would be excluded from the encyclopedias of every country.

What is difficult is to adjust space in reasonable fulfillment of this principle. The Columbia editors have on the whole been veritable judges in equity. But I confess I was shocked to find President Harding oc-

JACQUES BARZUN, teacher, scholar, writer, was born in Paris and came to the United States in 1919. He is professor of history at Columbia University.

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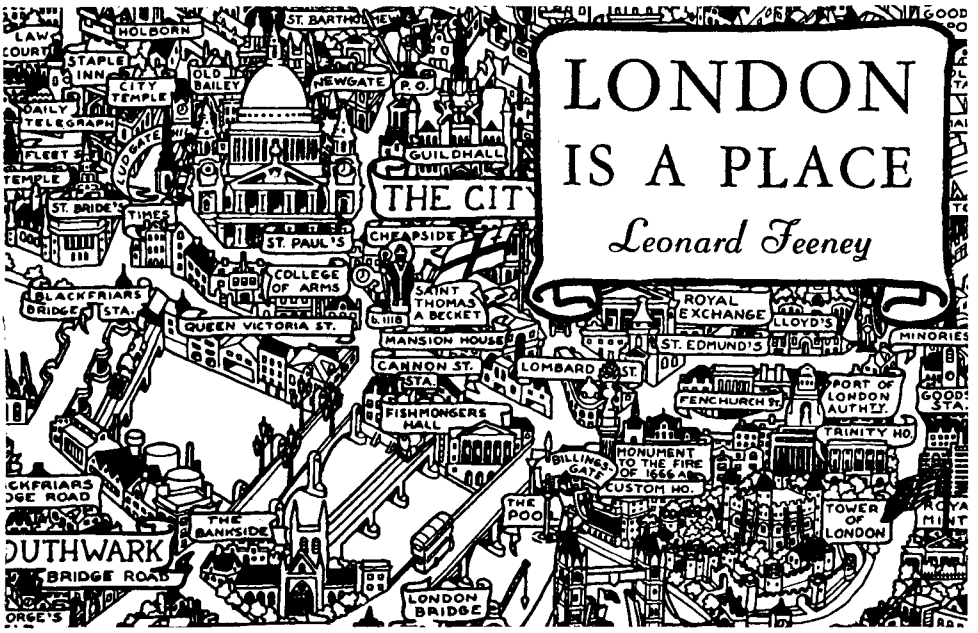

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cupying more space than Thomas Hardy on the same page. Hardy was the more easily compressible, no doubt, but what of the effect on, say, a high-school student coming fresh to either of these figures and framing his ideas of importance accordingly?

This leads speculation further, for it is obvious that elongating Hardy would call for similar adjustments elsewhere, and the result would be a bigger book. Sticking to the given limits and yet attempting to do justice to Hardy suggests not so much a criticism of the present work as a revision of our ideas about reference books: why so many "general articles"? To particularize, why an entry on "Charity, public"? Why an article on the Art Institute of Chicago? More serious still, why attempt impossible surveys such as "German Literature"? In that depressing catalogue of names —it is in substance hardly more—Goethe is listed exclusively as a member of the *Sturm und Drang*, *Faust* is not mentioned, and of course all the names are misleadingly on a par. Why not a simple alphabetical roster, taking up one tenth the space, to refer the reader to the biographical entries?

Perhaps it is from the natural sciences that the idea of "general articles" is derived. For in science there are rudiments, and, judging from the work under review, they can be admirably summarized. Compare "German Literature" with "Horse" and your feeling of depression will vanish at once. And while I am on the sciences, let me state that the *Columbia Encyclopedia* has an excellent article on cricket, the game about which the reader of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* can learn nothing except its social and international consequences.

Apart from a cloud of little details I could wish different (including typographical errors), I have only one further complaint—again not directed solely at the book in hand, but at a deplorable Anglo-American habit, which is spread precisely by addiction to works of reference. I mean the indiscriminate use of any or all the Christian names a man may have. This is especially an evil in French names. Look up Debussy and you find he was christened Claude Achille. But his name in history is Claude Debussy, nothing else and nothing more. For each important figure there is one combination of names or letters which is the accepted form: H. G. Wells, *not* Herbert George. Encyclopedias should therefore italicize or otherwise indicate the *working name*. Failing this, error and absurdity multiply. Right now there is little danger of referring to George B. Shaw, but who is Edward Estlin Cummings? Why, it's E. E.! I have found written or indexed in otherwise good books Victor Delacroix (one of Eugène's three names) and Hippolyte Delaroche—perfectly correct, except that this painter was always known as Paul.

I repeat, this deficiency-by-confusion is not exclusive to the *Columbia Encyclopedia* and should not make one less admiring or grateful for its high and abundant qualities. Only one remark in it made me bristle—the definition of Pluralism which implies not only that its principles are vague, but also that they of all others are debatable! I shall probably sue; but I shall spend the damages I am sure to win on copies of the *Encyclopedia* for all my friends.

Hydie and the Communist

THE AGE OF LONGING. By Arthur Koestler. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 1951. 362 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by Louis Simpson

"But must you write about Nikitin?" the American girl, Hydie, asks the writer, Julien Delattre, who has turned against the Communist faith of his youth. Julien's answer is worth quoting, for of all the characters in *The Age of Longing*, he seems to be closest to Koestler's own position:

> What else is there to write about? If you sit in the condemned cell, the only person of real interest to you is the executioner. But my imagination refuses to be Nikitin. She—I mean my imagination—is greedy, voracious, amoral, a cannibal and a harlot; but when it comes to Nikitin, she balks,

LOUIS SIMPSON is associate editor at the Bobbs-Merrill Company. His first book of poems, *The Arrivistes*, was published in 1949.

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turns suddenly priggish and chaste, becomes full of moral indignation and aesthetic revulsion. A single look from Nikitin's eyes makes her wish to retire to a nunnery or to preach a sermon—and when a writer becomes a preacher, he is finished.

Koestler, then, is aware of the dangers inherent in centering his story upon a typical Communist. This should be kept in mind in considering his failure. However, the reader must ask why Koestler chooses to write about Nikitin. Because, it seems, it is more important to him to make a gesture than to tell a good story, or not to write at all. Julien (who can no longer write) observes that the essence of Nikitin is his reality, a reality so obnoxious that there is no place for it in fiction. The dilemma can be relieved only by flashes of insight. The flashes in *The Age of Longing* are few and far between, and when they come they illuminate the minor characters, but never Nikitin.

During a Bastille Day celebration in Paris, under bursting skyrockets, an American girl, Hydie, accidentally draws blood from the nose of a stranger. He is Fedya Nikitin, a spy sent by the Commonwealth of Freedomloving People to mark down in a little book the names of Frenchmen to be liquidated when the Commonwealth annexes France. The time is the middle nineteen-fifties, and the annexation is not far off.

Hydie is the daughter of an American colonel, whose task it is to try to save Europe for democracy. Hydie has been bitten by "the bug of longing"; like her acquaintances, and like whole nations, she no longer believes in any god, and longs to be swept off her feet. Once, in a convent, Hydie dreamed of being a saint, but was assured by a tart-tongued sister that she was too volatile. During the Second World War, the sight of physical suffering convinced Hydie that God had gone mad.

She immediately recognizes in Nikitin the strength of purpose which she needs, and becomes his mistress. Their affair ends with Nikitin demonstrating successfully to her that she is no more spiritual than one of Pavlov's dogs. Hydie leaves him in revulsion. Julien tells her of Nikitin's mission, and Hydie resolves to kill the spy, and take a place with the immortal Charlotte Corday. The assassination, if it is performed by an American, will impress Europeans.

Hydie draws blood from Nikitin again, but does not quite kill him. No one hears of the attempt, and the story ends with the funeral of a French notable, Monsieur Anatole, whose personality has contained the more likable traits of Western civilization. There are rumors, however, of a new sect, the Fearless Sufferers, who, like the early Christians, remove the basis of tyranny by showing contempt for the lions.

Neither Nikitin nor Hydie comes alive, though the backgrounds of their behavior, the oil-fields of Baku and a convent, are detailed with authority. Many of the minor characters have vitality, the vitality of limited ideas. There is the Hero of Culture, Leontiev, who forswears the Commonwealth; however, he cannot bring himself to write for an American publisher a book entitled *I Was a Hero of Culture*. There is Count Boris, a victim of the Commonwealth, who conceives the idea of "disconspicuity," trying to make himself invisible so that he may enter the Commonwealth and kill the dictator.

The Age of Longing vacillates between satire and earnestness. It is a pity that Koestler could not have let Hydie succeed. This is not to say that everyone should assassinate his Communist. Koestler, however, lays emphasis upon isolated gestures in the face of tyranny; one knight errant, for example, sets out in a monoplane to blow up the Kremlin, but runs out of petrol. A former hero of the Resistance assures Hydie "the world has never seen such a hecatomb of violent deaths as France will produce when she finally vanishes from the stage." There is indicated a hope that such gestures, taken together, may be the very substance of freedom. Nevertheless, not only does Hydie's gesture, on which the novel turns, fail, but it fails even as a gesture, for it passes unnoticed. The ultimate irony is on the side of Nikitin. It seems that the author has not been able to believe in his Charlotte Corday, and that he himself has been a victim of Nikitin.

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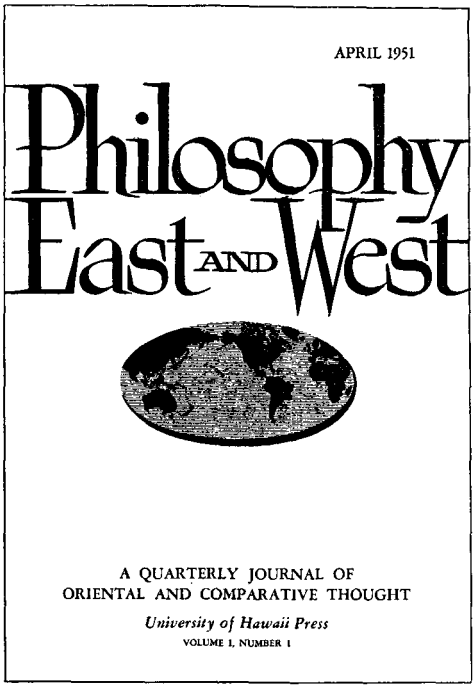

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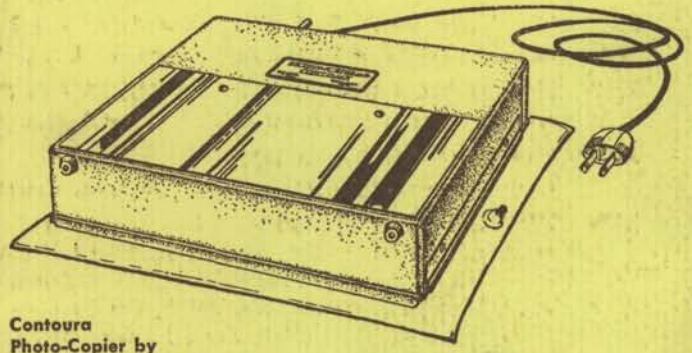

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